

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

PROPERTY

COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

Vol. XLIV

JANUARY, 1908

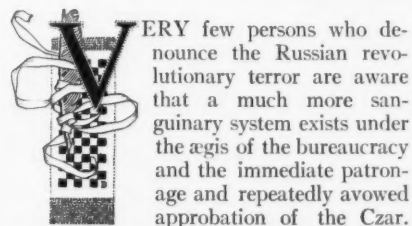
No. 3



The Black Hundred of Russia

STORY OF THE MILITANT REACTIONARIES WHO SUPPORT THE
CZAR, AND THEIR LARGE BAND OF ADHERENTS, WHO COMMIT
TEN TIMES AS MANY ATROCITIES AS DO THE REVOLUTIONISTS.

By Robert Crozier Long



VERY few persons who denounce the Russian revolutionary terror are aware that a much more sanguinary system exists under the ægis of the bureaucracy and the immediate patronage and repeatedly avowed approbation of the Czar. The reactionary Black Hundred kills, mutilates, and tortures ten times as many persons as do the emissaries of the revolutionary terror; and its victims are not despotic officials, but innocent citizens whose only offense is their supposed radicalism, or their adherence to a religion despised by their executioners. Compared with the diabolical atrocities of the Black Hundred—its assassinations of harmless deputies and journalists, its massacres of women and children—the bomb-throwing of the Red Terrorists is a mild sort of performance.

"Black Hundred"—in Russian, *Tchor-naya Solnia*—is a term of opprobrium invented by the liberals for the handful of militant reactionaries who support the

tottering autocracy of the Czar. The majority of the reactionaries belong to no political organization, and have no means of influencing the course of events; but the bolder, more unscrupulous, and more ruthless spirits are bound for common action by the notorious society known as the League of the Russian People, or Soyus Russkavo Naroda; and to so great an extent does this organization focus all the fighting reactionary sentiment of the empire that the terms "Black Hundred" and "League of the Russian People" are used indiscriminately, though, strictly speaking, the League is merely a society, whereas the Black Hundred is a whole political party. The League boasts that it has eleven million adherents. It is doubtful whether it has eleven thousand. But as, during the past two years, it has directly or indirectly, by massacres, pogroms, and single murders, caused the killing and wounding of at least eight thousand persons, its importance is to be by no means measured by the fewness of its adherents.

Essentially the Soyus is a terrorist organ-

The Black Hundred of Russia

ization, differing from the revolutionary terror only in that it is more sanguinary and more indiscriminate. But, unlike the revolutionary terror, it is legalized, and enjoys the high protection of the court and, to a less extent, of the Czar's ministers. While the most moderate opposition parties are refused registration, the Soyus has full rights, and even privileges. Official circulars describe it as "useful and beneficial," and local authorities are threatened with condign chastisement if they discountenance its activity. From recent trials, it appears that its emissaries are allowed to

loyalty to the autocracy is safe against punishment for his crimes, however heinous. Thus, when the professional assassin, burglar, or hooligan finds his locality becoming too hot, he becomes a loyalist, joins the Soyus, and redeems his crimes by committing fresh crimes in the interest of the autocracy. No member of the Black Hundred is ever seriously punished. Whereas the revolutionary terrorist is sent promptly to court martial and hanged within a few days, the reactionary terrorist—if tried at all—is judged by the civil courts, which are always ridiculously lenient, and in most



A BODY OF THE LEAGUE OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE, WITH ICONS AND BANNERS, MARCHING DOWN THE NEVSKY PROSPECT, ST. PETERSBURG, ON THEIR WAY TO VISIT THE CZAR

travel gratis on state railways; that they repeatedly obtain free lodgings and board in the houses of provincial police-masters; and that even its hired assassins, while tracking their victims, can obtain shelter in the houses of the gendarmerie.

The ranks of the Soyus, and indeed of the Black Hundred generally, are recruited almost exclusively from the dregs of Russia's great cities. With the exception of a few fanatical priests and ignorant country gentlemen, neither body contains a single member of the least social standing. Professional criminals are nearly always Soyusniki, and for obvious reasons. Any Russian who chooses to profess intense

cases he is let off. If the crime be so glaring that the court must impose a heavy penalty, there is the chance that the subservient senate will quash the sentence; but if this fails, there is the certainty that the Czar will exercise his prerogative of pardon or commutation, as he has repeatedly done in cases of participators in Jewish massacres.

Although the Soyus avowedly organizes wholesale massacres of "intelligents" and Jews, it does not admit this in its charter; and the duty of murdering obnoxious liberals it delegates to affiliated bodies, the Camorra of National Vengeance and the League for Active Struggle with the Revolution. The leaders of these bodies,



THE INSTIGATOR OF THE KISHINEF MASSACRE, PAVOLAKI KRUSHEVAN,
MOST NOTORIOUS OF ALL THE LEADERS OF
THE BLACK HUNDRED

in turn, do not risk their own lives, but systematically employ hired assassins, who—as certain trials have shown—may be engaged for as small a sum as three rubles a murder. The mass of the victims are men and women of no national importance who have displayed anti-governmental zeal in their local circles. But in the murders of Messrs.



П.А.Крушеванъ.
REVOLUTIONIST CARICATURE
OF KRUSHEVAN

Herzenstein and Iollos, two members of the First Duma, the Soyus effected coups of first-rate importance; and their attempt to blow up Count Witte ranks with the most sensational plots of the Red Terror.

Herzenstein was perhaps the ablest man in the Duma, and as an expert on finance and land, he was indispensable in a new parlia-

The Black Hundred of Russia

ment composed mainly of brilliant but impractical rhetoricians. It was this, and the fact that he was of Jewish origin, which sealed his fate. The belief spread that Herzenstein had a pocketful of exposures of thieving officials, and was only waiting for a budget discussion to produce them, and the opportuneness of his assassination has led many to think that more important per-

ties, and one even received a post in the Peterhof police, his participation in the murder being regarded as proof that he was a safe man to protect the summer residence of the Czar.

The murder of Deputy Iollos and the attempt on Count Witte form a much more sensational story. The heroes of these events were two men named Kazantseff and



BISHOP EVLOGI, A PROMINENT ECCLESIASTICAL MEMBER
OF THE BLACK HUNDRED WHO SAT IN
THE SECOND DUMA

sons than the Soyusniki were interested in his death. All that is known is that half a dozen hired assassins traveled to Finland, where Herzenstein lived, tracked him to the beach where he was walking with his wife, and shot him through the head. The assassins returned to Russia in safety, and the Russian police did everything to evade Finland's demand that they be extradited. Months after the crime, the murderers were living under the protection of the authori-

ties. Feodoroff. Kazantseff was an assassin in the pay of the Black Hundred; Feodoroff a genuine but inexperienced revolutionist. Kazantseff was commissioned to kill Count Witte, Russia's ex-premier, who was an object of hatred to the Black Hundred as the creator of the liberal manifesto of October, 1905, and as a supposed Judophile, but he conceived the diabolical idea of trapping some inexperienced revolutionist into doing the work.



WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF HERZENSTEIN AT THE BIER OF THE MURDERED
DUMA MEMBER, WHO WAS SHOT NEAR HIS HOME IN FINLAND AT
THE INSTIGATION OF THE BLACK HUNDRED

By posing as a revolutionist, Kazantseff wormed his way into the confidence of a revolutionist group, and inveigled into his toils Feodoroff, who was burning to distinguish himself in the terrorist cause. "There is a certain count under sentence of death," he whispered. "He has betrayed the revolution, and imprisoned our comrades. You must kill him." Feodoroff did not ask who the count was. Without the least suspicion that he was being made the tool of the Black Hundred, he agreed. He constructed two infernal machines. Kazantseff supplied a mysterious white powder. Count Witte was to die.

Early one morning, Feodoroff drove to Count Witte's St. Petersburg home. He slipped into the courtyard of an adjoining apartment-house, climbed the ladder to the roof, and finally found himself on Witte's roof. A minute later the infernal machines, tied to strings, had been let down the chimney. But the machines were discovered before they exploded, and Count Witte escaped.

"Only by another daring assassination," said Kazantseff to his dupe, "can you redeem your failure." The destined victim of the second attempt was Doctor Iollos, a

prominent Moscow journalist, who sat in the First Duma. But Kazantseff gave no name, and, still posing as a revolutionist, described Iollos merely as a man who had betrayed the revolution and stolen eighty thousand rubles which he and others had appropriated from the government. Feodoroff, proud to serve under Kazantseff, whom he regarded as a daring terrorist, agreed to commit the murder.

The pair tracked Iollos. "We found him," said Feodoroff in his confession, "near the office of the 'Russkie Viedomosti' newspaper. As our victim passed the beer-saloon where we were concealed, I hurried after him, and as he made a half turn to enter the yard, fired from a distance of five paces at his heart. A moment later I was back with Kazantseff, who gave me a Judas-kiss. When, later in the day, the evening newspapers were on sale, I discovered with inexpressible horror that my victim was Doctor Iollos, the people's tribune."

Only now did suspicion enter Feodoroff's mind that he was the tool of the Black Hundred. Despite Kazantseff's reassurances, he resolved to watch him. From that moment the pair changed rôles.

The Black Hundred of Russia

Kazantseff, convinced of Feodoroff's continued simplicity, became the dupe, and Feodoroff, determined on a terrible retribution if his suspicions were confirmed, the deceiver and avenger.

Kazantseff continued his plots, and Feodoroff, all the time watching, pretended to assent. Kazantseff ordered Feodoroff to kill Doctor Bielsky, ordinator of the Moscow Eye Hospital. He declared that Bielsky was a reactionary, though he was in reality a Social Revolutionist who had been more than once in jail. Feodoroff found this out. His suspicions became almost a certainty. He waited for Kazantseff's absence, entered his room, broke open his desk, and found therein the badges and program of the League of the Russian People. Feodoroff, a revolutionist, saw that he was being used by the dreaded Soyus as a tool for the destruction of his best friends.

Kazantseff was now doomed. But, unsuspecting that Feodoroff had found him out, he continued to plot. "We will try Count Witte again," he said. "You will

throw bombs at him as he drives past the saloon near his house." Feodoroff feigned assent, and it was agreed that next day Kazantseff should bring the bombs to a forest near the Irinoff Railroad, north of St. Petersburg.

Confident to the last in his former dupe's continued simplicity, Kazantseff arrived at the Irinoff forest. Under his arm was a parcel containing two big bombs. Bowing politely, but secretly thirsting for vengeance, Feodoroff walked up to him, and with the words, "I have found you out," drove his dagger into the reactionist assassin's neck. Such was his rage that he forgot to draw the dagger from the sheath. But he drew blood. Then, throwing the sheath away, he stabbed again and again at Kazantseff's neck, and trampled on his dead body. That evening Kazantseff was found with almost severed head, the bombs beside him, and notes of Witte's movements in his pocket.

The day after his terrible vengeance, Feodoroff, with bloodshot eyes and blood-stained clothes, arrived at a meeting of his



A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION OF THE LEAGUE OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE ON ITS WAY TO THE KAZAN CATHEDRAL, ST. PETERSBURG



MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE BEING EXAMINED BEFORE THE FINNISH HIGH COURT. IN THE FOREGROUND, IN PRISON GARB, IS TOPOLOFF, ONE OF THOSE ACCUSED OF THE MURDER OF HERZENSTEIN

former terrorist friends. "I am the murderer of Iollos," he said. "I offer myself for judgment. Do with me what you will."

The source from which a league officered by impecunious adventurers and manned by criminal vagabonds gets money for its murder plots and its still more expensive literary campaign is a mystery. Adherents of the Black Hundred boldly affirm that the Czar subsidizes it from his own pocket; but all that is definitely known is that Nicholas II delights in showing its members favor, as the only body of Russians who even pretend to regard him with respect. He receives their deputations, accepts their icons, and has even donned their badge, which, to nine Russians out of ten, is an emblem of midnight assassination and massacre. Between ruler and the Soyus proceeds a constant exchange of telegrams, duly published in the official press, the Soyus congratulating the ruler upon some particularly reactionary measure, the ruler replying gratefully and commending the Soyus. The telegrams to the Czar are couched in terms of Byzantine adulation. The Czar is "Anointed of God," and so forth; and of late the Soyus has invented

the pleonastic attribute "Most Autocratic" (*Samoderzhavneishii*), the correct title "Autocratic" being too feeble for their idea of the Czar's omnipotence.

Despite this oriental self-abasement, the members of the Black Hundred make it quite clear that they will only support a Czar who supports them and places no limit on their crimes. More than once the Soyus has addressed Nicholas II in peremptory tones, demanding that he dissolve the Duma, reject the Jewish amelioration projects, and so on—always with success. But the height of the league's assurance was reached after the dissolution of the Second Duma. The league's president sent the usual telegram congratulating the Czar. The Czar, to the horror of all respectable reactionaries, replied expressing the hope that "all true, faithful, and Russian men" would take example from the Soyus, which was "a hopeful support, serving as a model of legality and order." The league was jubilant. It brought from Jerusalem a valuable icon, inset "with wood from the coffin of Christ," and blessed by the Patriarch, and this icon it decided to present to the Czar with all ceremony. A deputa-



REVOLUTIONIST PICTURE POST-CARD REPRESENTING A BLACK HUNDRED DON QUIXOTE ATTEMPTING TO ATTACK THE DUMA

tion of fourteen was chosen. The list contained the names of persons of such notorious character that it would be a public scandal if Nicholas II received them. M. Stolypin, the premier, struck out seven, and said that the Czar would receive the remainder. The Soyus took violent offense, and decided to defy both premier and Czar. They resolved not to present the icon, and gave no notice of their intention. At the appointed hour, the Czar waited for the deputation and icon; neither came. The act was unprecedented in the history of the Russian court, and showed plainly for the first time that the Black Hundred knew that it was all-powerful.

Denunciation and espionage are among the functions of the Black Hundred. It issues orders to its provincial adherents to watch persons living in their houses, and report at once to the police should they discover revolutionary acts or leanings. The Odessa branch boasts that it has an emissary in every house, and can furnish a report as to the political bias of every man in the city. Acting on the information of these amateur detectives, the police make domiciliary visits, sometimes with ludicrous results. At Kiev some leaguers living in a big house spied across the courtyard upon a man who they assumed was printing revolutionary proclamations. They informed the



TYPICAL REVOLUTIONIST CARICATURE OF A MEMBER OF THE BLACK HUNDRED

police, who raided the printer, but found that he was a Soyus emissary, who, unknown to the spies, had come from Moscow to spread incitements to a Jewish massacre. The police usually believe implicitly the information of the league, and hundreds of innocent persons are at present in jail on no other evidence than the proscription lists of the reactionary organization. Even high government officials must submit to this espionage. The St. Petersburg committee of the league recently instructed its provincial representatives to compile a list of all local officials, classifying them either as "truly Russian" (i. e., extremely reactionary), "feeble" (moderately conservative), or "traitorous" (liberal or Judophile). The league is at present at war with the premier, M. Stolypin, for interfering with its deputation, and for hinting in his official newspaper that it was going a little too far. And M. Stolypin is well aware that any attempt to retaliate would bring him into disfavor among the friends of the Soyus at court.

Apart from its deliberate assassinations, the Soyus has to its account scores of fatal brawls from which its adherents have invariably escaped unscathed and unpunished. The notorious Toropoff, a light of the Moscow branch, recently slew a factory-owner named Erasmus, and is now defending himself with the plea that Erasmus had spoken disrespectfully of the government. Toropoff began a quarrel with Erasmus in a local winter-garden. A fight ensued. The pair were apparently reconciled, and drank each other's health. But Toropoff drove home for his revolver, returned, and shot the unsuspecting Erasmus dead. Toropoff at once became the hero of the Moscow Black Hundred, and his friends threaten

that if he is sent to jail even for a day they will avenge him by murdering twenty local liberals. Incidents like this occur almost daily, and in almost every case the aggressor goes unpunished if he pleads that loyalty was the motive of his crime.

As the organizer of Jewish pogroms or massacres, the Soyus can claim even more victims. Its greatest exploit in the last year was the massacre at Bielostok, where, on the signal of a harmless bomb thrown by an *agent provocateur*, a hundred Jews, men,

women and children, were massacred and mutilated, and many score wounded, beaten, and tortured. Nearly a year before, in October, 1905, the Black Hundred took the Czar's liberty-promising manifesto as a signal to break loose, and in a week some forty pogroms took place, in which an unknown number of liberals, Christians, and Jews were slaughtered. Always the police, often the soldiery and their officers, helped in the sanguinary work. The unofficial criminals went unpunished; the official criminals were rewarded and promoted. The revelations made to the



DUMA MEMBER IOLLOS, ASSASSINATED
IN MOSCOW BY FEODOROFF, THE
DUPE OF THE BLACK HUNDRED
EMISSARY, KAZANTSEFF.

Duma by a high ex-official, Prince Urusoff, show that the government itself printed and circulated proclamations inciting to massacre, and that officials of all ranks were working hand in hand to secure the destruction of men and women whose only offense was the taint of disaffection toward the autocracy.

The propaganda of massacre is carried on through several newspapers and a vast quantity of periodical literature. In St. Petersburg appears daily the "Russkoe Znamya"; in Moscow, thrice weekly, the "Vetche," which printed an account of M. Herzenstein's murder five hours before it took place, and made it plain to every-

one that it was the Moscow Black Hundred which planned the deed. Pamphlets and leaflets are circulated by the million, all more or less bloodthirsty in tone. Before the abolition of the censorship, this literature all bore the imprimatur, "Sanctioned by the censor of N—," and the date. The Soyus' colporteurs play the rôle of firebrands, and repeatedly spread such stories as that "the liberals have killed the Czar," and "the Czar has ordered a massacre of Jews." Honest local officials who suppress this propaganda are made the object of such ferocious attacks, and become so unpopular at court, that the majority prefer to leave the campaign severely alone.

The Soyus is a highly religious association. Its motto, like that of the old Slavophiles, is "Autocracy, Greek Orthodoxy, and the People." It groups under a general



REVOLUTIONIST CARICATURE OF FATHER JOHN OF CRONSTADT, WHO HAS BECOME A BLACK HUNDRED LEADER

Father John is holding the Black Hundred Ten Commandments and pointing to the ninth, which reads, "Don't kill Cossacks or policemen; kill students and Jews."

anathema all non-orthodox Russian subjects, Roman Catholics, Lutherans, Jews, Moslems, and atheists, and is usually not very clear which is which. Metropolitans and bishops pray at its meetings, which are always preceded by solemn processions of icon-carriers and bearers of religious banners. Indeed, the fiercest of all its branches is situated in the Potchaevsk Monastery in Volynsk Province, whence its local chief, the "mad monk" Ilidor, issues daily bloodthirsty appeals for the murder and torture of everyone who opposes his politics. Bishops Platon and Evlogi, who sat in the last Duma, are fanatical Soyusniki; and those few clergymen who have ventured

to denounce the league as an un-Christian organization have been disgraced by their bishops or expelled from the church by the ruling synod of St. Petersburg.





Drawn by Harry Linnell

That Cat

By James J. Montague

*If I could talk I'd tell that cat,
Right here and now, that he
Had better scoot when I say "scat!"
And let my dinner be.*

*The other day I stroked his coat
And gave him salt to eat,
And he got awful mad and wrote
Red marks across my feet.*

*A baby ought to boss the place
Where he is living at,
But here—and it's a big disgrace—
The boss is that old cat.*

*If sister won't drive him away,
When I'm a man I'll go
'Way off and find some place to stay
Where cats don't ever grow!*



Impressions of My American Visit

By Arthur F. Winnington Ingram

Lord Bishop of London



MY American trip will ever remain in my mind and heart as one of the most pleasurable incidents of my life. Everywhere a deeply cordial welcome was accorded me, and no effort was spared to make my visit enjoyable. There was a personal and affectionate note in the welcome that touched my heart. It extended to every class and denomination. A Roman Catholic railroad president placed his private car at my disposal, Presbyterians and Methodists turned over their chapels to me, and down in dear old Virginia, at Richmond, ten thousand persons tried to shake my hand [at once, and I had to jump into Mr. Pierpont Morgan's car to escape.

I returned to England with a warm admiration and regard for the American people. It is a wonderful country, and the future holds boundless opportunities, responsibilities, and prospects for this English-speaking people beyond the seas. And yet the material greatness of the country did not impress me so much as other things. Let us divide these four impressions into the spiritual and the idealistic view-points. And these view-points are the key-note of a happy life.

First, you must think and believe life is well worth living. This you Americans show in the marvelous way you receive a million or more people each year from all the nations of the earth, and in a generation they are Americans. The stamping of the love of life and country on these new arrivals is wonderful.

While in New York I had a talk with a young German workman, and he spoke of his adopted country with enthusiastic patriotism.

The second step toward happiness is to believe in God, and the American people are a God-fearing nation. A glorious golden chain, an Atlantic cable which binds America back to Palestine, lay for more than a thousand years across the British Isles, and therefore we of the British Isles had the honor of being the means by which that golden chain was brought to you. It is this chain that binds England and the United States together, far more than the world believes, this chain of belief in God and in his son Jesus Christ. Believe me, our King Edward VII has the warmest desire for the welfare of the American people and for all people as well. He showed that interest when he made me the ambassador to bear that beautiful Bible to old Bruton Parish which was received with such impressive ceremonies.

One thing that profoundly interested me in the United States, especially in the South, was seeing the lecterns, fonts, and communion services that had been presented to the infant churches by the kings and bishops of London in colonial times.

The open Bible has been the foundation of British character, a character whose chief charm is its love of duty. It has made England the nation she is, it has made America the nation she is. If it is kept open and believed as a spiritual guide it will go on making both nations greater than they are now.

The American Church, as I believe your General Convention called it, appeared progressive and in fine condition. I find there,



Copyright, 1907, by Harris & Ewing

THE BISHOP OF LONDON—FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH

as in England, the lines between the High Church and the Low Church disappearing under energetic missionary zeal and labor, for the High Church is just as much missionary as is the Low Church. Take it from me, from your brother across the seas, that we have got to carry the gospel to the peoples of the earth.

I must say I found one or two persons in up-to-date America a little ignorant about ancient church history. Some of them imagined that the Church of England began with Henry VIII. Then I went on to tell them how the bishops of London have sat in Fulham Palace without a break for thirteen hundred years. The very frogs in

Impressions of My American Visit

the moat at the palace know better than these bad historians, while the jackdaws in the tower are astonished that up-to-date America could make such a mistake.

When I stood before that vast throng at the site of the National Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, in Washington, a throng which included the President of the United States, bishops seventy in number, members of the highest judiciary, cabinet officers, statesmen, and every type of citizen, and gave the Archbishop of Canterbury's gift of an ambon or pulpit made from stones of Canterbury Cathedral, the shrine of Saint Augustine, I told that great congregation that we of the Anglican communion take our stand upon history. We hold to the old historic faith with which we were entrusted. We stand for freedom. One of the most glorious sentences in English history is that sentence in the Great Charter, "The Church of England shall be free." We stand for freedom of thought, freedom of study. We stand for historic ministry, and we stand for an open Bible. That is why the archbishop's gift was so appropriate, for it depicted a great bishop leading the barons of England and presenting the Magna Charta to King John.

Together the church in England and the church in America will fight against wrong, against tyranny, against evil. We fight to relieve the poor and to aid the oppressed on both sides of the Atlantic. Let's have a generous rivalry and see which can do the best. I say Godspeed to both from the bottom of my heart.

While we are talking of the religious side of American life, I must tell you I also observed in America that the several creeds are working together for peace in the church. There has been enough bickering in the different bodies. The time has come for all Christian men to fight side by side for the common good of countries and of cities. I do not believe there is any tendency toward agnosticism in either the English or the American Church. We are not afraid of so-called modernism. The church is stronger to-day than it was twenty years ago, and it will go on gathering religious strength.

Now the third path to a happy life is to direct your effort to the service of other people. In America your rich men and men of ability must learn more of the stewardship of ownership. Remember, it

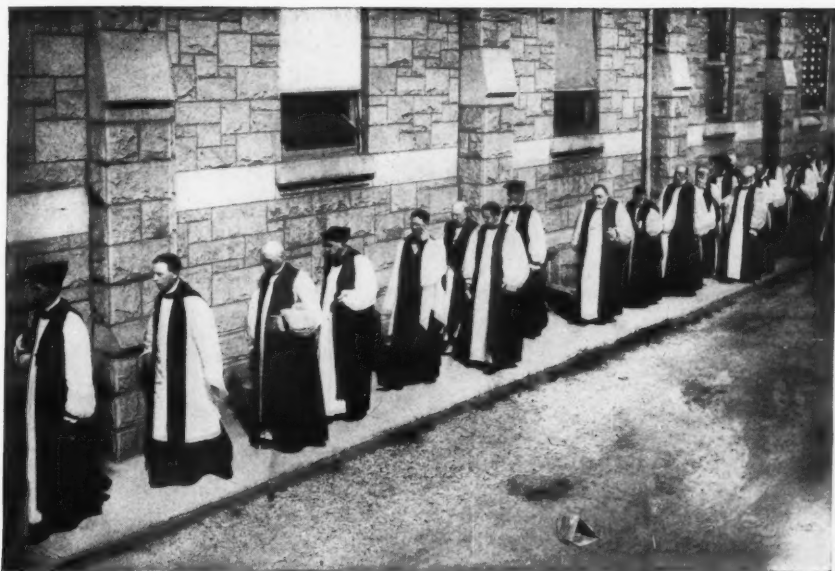
is impossible to be a Christian on Sunday, and not on other days of the week. I wish you could adopt there the plan I was fortunate enough to be able to introduce into London, a plan of having great committees composed of priests and laymen, workingmen and capitalists who meet together to plan out religious and social campaigns for the betterment of the poor.

Have you ever thought why there are rich and poor at all? That is a question you often muse on in your crowded American cities, one I often have to face in London. I reconcile my belief in God and his love for the wretched millions on the east side of New York, in East London, and other great cities, teeming millions of the unfortunate seemingly abandoned by both God and men, with this, the rich minority have in trust for all others. Disregard of this is the cause of all social evils. If every man considered himself a steward there would be no object in dishonesty. Do away, Americans, with the triumphs of capital over labor.

Your Christian socialism springs from the neglect of the principles of stewardship inherent in Christian religion. The process was the same in the aggregation of Christian Science, which seems to have such a strong hold in your country. It seems to arise, it would seem to me, from the neglect of the truth of the power of mind over matter and of the sanctity of the healing art.

One afternoon I went through New York's East Side. From what I saw there you seem to have a splendid grip on the slum question, and yet you have not begun to do it at all as yet. Still, the city that has the moral, religious, and physical grip on its slums that New York has is indeed a great city. I would propose an international competition between New York and London in the matter of looking after the poor. Open-air meetings held through your poorer districts impressed me mightily. One thing interested me particularly—the poor people were so willing to talk to me, and I enjoyed highly my dinner in a one-cent restaurant on the Bowery. The men in there, workmen all of them, fine sturdy fellows, talked frankly to me, and we had a great chat.

Don't water down your convictions. Religion ought to be out in the open where it can be seen. And here let me remind you that we must honor the convictions of others. Speak with one voice, if it is a



THE BISHOP OF LONDON LEADING THE PROCESSION AT THE OPENING OF THE
GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, OCTOBER, 1907

voice made up of several creeds. I noticed in my visits to American universities that your leaders in the spiritual life of the colleges are leaders in many sports. Where religious leaders are found to be the physical leaders, that country is bound to be a leader in the universe.

At Harvard I witnessed a practice game of football. I used to play the game myself and am a great admirer of it. It is a very healthful sport and is beneficial. You play so differently from us, however, that it is hard to follow the game there, and I think that on the whole I prefer our manner of playing.

President Roosevelt impressed me mightily. He may slay wolves and hunt bears, but he struck me as the man who keeps everybody else alive in America. Your republican form of government is beautiful in its simplicity, and I relished every moment of my stay in your lovely national capital.

Before I went over there the folks on this side said I would be constantly asked what I thought of that magnificent country. Only one man asked me that question, and he was a very young reporter. Now I will tell what I do think of it. I look upon the

United States as one of the greatest of nations. And Canada is to be another when it receives the population it is ready to receive. I hope to see Canada grow to be one of the foremost nations in the world, and I hope that you Americans will always look upon her with loving and intelligent interest.

Without depreciating the welcome I received in other places, I may say I felt more at home in historic old Virginia than any other place I visited in America. It gave me great pleasure to be there, for I remembered, and the American people should, too, that for a century and a half the bishops of London were the bishops of the colonies as well and worked hard for them. I value this historical connection highly, and Virginia is still a name which awakens interest in England.

The General Convention pilgrimages to Williamsburg and Jamestown Island, the Glastonbury Abbey of America, were red-letter days in my trip and rolled the centuries backward until I felt like a colonial Lord Bishop of London paying this distant part of his see a visit. God bless and prosper all you dear American people!



HER HEAD DROPPED ALMOST TO HER HANDS. "I PROMISE," SHE MURMURED

(*"The Defeat of Rundermere"*)

The Long Arm of Mannister

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

IV. The Defeat of Rundermere

Illustrated by Frank Snapp

EDITOR'S NOTE.—"The Long Arm of Mannister" stories are connected through a main idea which may be briefly explained to the reader. Mannister is the victim of a band of conspirators, who have sought to bring about his ruin. Undaunted by the great odds against him, Mannister sets out to overcome his enemies. Circumstances are such that he is obliged to map out an entirely different plan of procedure against each of the conspirators. In doing this he shows himself a man of wonderful ingenuity and resource. The quest takes him to many parts of the world, and causes him to meet with some remarkable and exciting adventures.



ANNISTER became aware, some few weeks after the disappearance of Polsover, of a certain restraint in the demeanor of both Hambledon and Jacobs toward himself. They came less often to Luigi's, and though they welcomed him when they did meet him there or

elsewhere, he had a suspicion that, so far as they were able, they were avoiding him. One day he taxed them with it, and Hambledon, with somewhat rare candor, admitted the fact.

"It isn't that I'm particularly superstitious, Mannister," he declared, "but ever since your return things have gone wrong with us. Poor Ben has been obliged to go to Canada because of that affair of the bracelet, and they say that he's drinking like a fish there; and Polsover we've lost altogether. Both these things happened since you came back to us, and within a few weeks of each other."

"You don't suspect——" Mannister began calmly.

"Suspect! My dear fellow, how can you even hint at such a thing!" Hambledon declared, looking away. "Of course it is a pure coincidence, but you must admit that you have not proved altogether a mascot to us. In any case, we are going quiet just now. No one seems to have any money, and there is nothing doing in the city. I dare say something will turn up later on

that we can have a little plunge at. See you soon again, I hope," and Hambledon hurried off.

Mannister turned away with a smile, and going to his rooms, ordered his servant to pack his clothes. "We are going down into the country, Morton," he said. "We may be away for two or three months. Very likely I shall hunt, so you had better go through my things and see what I want."

"Very good, sir," the man answered. "About when shall we be leaving?"

"The day after to-morrow," Mannister answered. "If I need fresh riding things I can come up later and try them on. I am going around now to look at some horses."

"Who was the new man on the big bay, Jack?" one of his intimates asked the master of the North Westshire hounds, as they rode home one evening.

"No idea," the Hon. Jack Dunster answered, "but he looks like a thundering good sort. I never saw a man sit a horse better, and he took his fences like a professional steeplechase rider. Sent us a thumping good check, too, and a very civil note. I shall look him up to-morrow or the next day."

"What is his name?" the other man asked.

"Mannister, I think. Something like that, anyhow," the Honorable Jack replied.

"Good name," his friend remarked. "I like the looks of the fellow, too. If you get on with him I shall look him up myself."

The Defeat of Rundermere

He looks as though he could shoot, and we're awfully short of guns this year."

They turned round at the sound of a horse's hoofs on the bridle-path behind.

"Talk of the devil!" the Honorable Jack remarked. "We'll wait for him if you don't mind."

Mannister rode up to them and raised his hat in answer to the master's greeting.

"I was going to look you up, Mr. Mannister," the Honorable Jack said pleasantly. "I hope you'll have a good time down here with us. You had a fairly good start to-day, I think."

"I have had a capital day," Mannister answered, "and I am quite sure one can get all the sport one wants down here."

"You have not hunted with us before, I believe?" the master asked.

"I have scarcely ever been in the county before," Mannister answered. "I am a colonial, although I have relatives in England."

"This is my friend Lashmore, Mr. Mannister," the Honorable Jack said, introducing his companion. "Lord Lashmore is one of our oldest supporters."

"I knew some people of your name up in the north," his lordship remarked, nodding to Mannister.

"My uncle, I suspect," Mannister answered, "Sir George Mannister. His place is in Yorkshire, near Skipton."

"I have dined there once or twice," Lashmore answered. "Jolly good sportsman he is. Hope to have the pleasure of looking you up in a day or two, Mr. Mannister."

"I shall be very pleased," Mannister answered civilly. "I expect to be here for at least six weeks."

They reached some cross-roads where their ways parted.

"Won't you come along and have a drink?" the Honorable Jack asked. "It's barely half a mile out of your way."

"Not to-night, thanks," Mannister answered. "I am afraid my mare has had about enough."

They parted with civil good nights, but Mannister did not at once pursue his way to the village. Instead he turned back and rode slowly along the way by which he had come. When at last he was sure that the man and the girl whom he had passed some time before were coming along, he paused, and dismounting took out a cigarette-case

and began striking matches. As they passed him he looked up, and a little smile parted his lips. He had not been mistaken, then. He mounted his horse and rode slowly after them.

"Excuse me," he said, as he caught up with them; "surely, this is Mr. Philip Rundermere?"

The man addressed turned round quickly. He was tall and dark, with deep-set black eyes and somewhat worn face. It was obvious that he recognized Mannister, and it was also obvious that the recognition was a shock to him.

"Good God!" he muttered, under his breath. "Why, is that you, Mannister?" he added, with a determined attempt to regain his self-possession.

"Have I changed so much?" Mannister answered, smiling. "I hope you will excuse me for making myself known so unceremoniously," he added, raising his hat and bowing to the girl who rode by Rundermere's side, "but it is several years since I saw my friend here."

Rundermere was forced to introduce Miss Dunster, but it was obvious that he did so under compulsion. Mannister, however, whose manners when he chose were as near perfection as possible, affected not to notice his friend's coldness.

"I have just had the pleasure of meeting your father, Miss Dunster," he said. "In fact, I left him only a few minutes ago. Are you staying in these parts, Rundermere?"

"I am staying at the White Hart for a week or so," Rundermere answered.

"In that case," said Mannister, "we shall meet again, for I am at the George, exactly opposite. If you will allow me, Miss Dunster, I will wish you good evening. My mare is still fresh enough to manage a canter home, I think."

He raised his hat and passed on ahead. The girl looked after him admiringly.

"What a very handsome man your friend is, Mr. Rundermere," she said, "and how beautifully he rides! You did not seem particularly well pleased to see him."

Rundermere stooped down and looked into her face. "Do you suppose," he said softly, "that I should welcome anyone under the circumstances?"

Mannister had the knack of making his bachelor quarters seem always attractive. He dined alone and simply, but the silver

and the table linen he had brought with him from London, and he was the best customer the florist in the little village had had for some time. The book-shelves of the quaintly furnished sitting-room, too, were filled with his own books, and the masculine trifles by which he was surrounded were all the best of their kind. Rundermere, who was announced just as he was finishing dinner, looked around him and shrugged his shoulders.

"You always had the knack of making yourself comfortable, Mannister," he remarked. "My quarters seem bare enough after yours. May I sit down for a few moments?"

"By all means," Mannister answered calmly. "Will you drink port or whiskey and soda?"

"Neither, thanks, just now," Rundermere answered. "I want to know what you are doing down here?"

Mannister smiled gently. "Well," he said, "I like candor. Since you ask me I will tell you. I am down here to hunt. Our friends in London did not seem particularly well disposed toward me, and I was bored. I looked up a place where I thought I could be quiet, and where I should not be likely to meet anyone I knew. After all, though, ours is a very small country, isn't it?"

Rundermere drew a little breath of relief. "You mean this?" he asked.

Mannister raised his eyebrows. "My dear fellow," he said, "what other reason upon the earth would bring me to a benighted region like this?"

Rundermere hesitated for a moment and then shrugged his shoulders. After all, that had been a wild suspicion of his. There was not one chance in twenty that Mannister had even an idea how falsely he had been dealt with by those whom he had called his friends. He helped himself to a glass of port, and they talked for a few minutes of the day's run.

"Sit down and make yourself comfortable," Mannister invited him. "I go to bed early, but there is time for a pipe at any rate."

Rundermere excused himself. "I am going up to the hall for some bridge," he said. "I only looked in to see you on the way. Do you play, by the bye?"

Mannister shook his head. "Bridge came to the front," he remarked, "while I

was playing another sort of game. I have never cared to learn it. Cards don't interest me much, except an occasional gamble. We hunt to-morrow, I suppose?"

"Quite close here," Rundermere answered. "Very good country, too. I should think we ought to have a good day."

"By the bye," Mannister asked, "is that young lady you were riding with Mr. Dunster's only daughter?"

Rundermere looked him in the face steadily. "Yes," he answered. "Why?"

"Nothing," Mannister answered calmly, "only I have seen you with her once or twice, yesterday and to-day. She's very pretty, but very young, isn't she?"

"She's nineteen," Rundermere answered, a shade of challenge in his tone.

"So old?" Mannister remarked, turning away. "She doesn't look it. Well, don't let me keep you from your bridge, Rundermere. Good luck to you!"

"Good night," Rundermere answered. "I need to have good luck; they play bridge high around here."

Mannister turned his easy chair to the fire, and sat for nearly half an hour with his coffee untasted and his pipe unlit. Somehow he could not get the child's face out of his mind, and he was uncomfortably conscious of a feeling of strong repulsion when he found himself associating her in any way with the man who had just left the room. The frown on his face grew deeper.

"What business is it of mine?" he muttered at last, turning and striking a match with unnecessary vigor. "Rundermere is a scoundrel through and through, but if the child believes in him it's her misfortune, not mine. I wonder how far he means to go."

Mannister became in his way a distinctly popular member of the North Westshire Hunt. He was a fine horseman, and though he showed little inclination to make friends, he was always civil, and the women declared his manners were perfection. The only person whose society he in any way seemed to seek was May Dunster, the girl whom he had met riding home with Rundermere on his first day out. Twice he had given her a lead across country, and on each occasion he had ridden home with her afterward. On the second occasion Rundermere, who was riding home alone, met him on his way back from the hall, and rode moodily up to his side.

The Defeat of Rundermere

"Look here, Mannister," he said, "I don't see what the devil you want to try to spoil my game for!"

Mannister turned in his saddle and regarded his companion with gently upraised eyebrows. "Are you in earnest, Rundermere?" he asked.

"Of course I am," Rundermere answered. "She's a dear little girl, has lots of money, and was getting quite fond of me before you came."

Mannister continued to regard his companion with an air of mild wonder. "Have you taken leave of your senses, Rundermere?" he asked. "Do you realize that you are forty-four or forty-five years old, that your record is about as black as a decently born Englishman's can be, that you have never gone straight at any time in your life, even with women? You realize these things, and yet you talk of being in earnest with a poor little child like this!"

Rundermere's dark face was black with passion. "D—n you, Mannister!" he said. "You go too far. A man has to settle down some time, and many worse than I have done it. Your own record isn't altogether spotless, is it? I should like to know what has become of Sinclair!"

Mannister looked steadily between his horse's ears. "Rundermere," he said, "there are two names which I do not permit any man to mention in my presence. One is Sinclair's, the other a lady's. I only wish to warn you not to forget this little whim of mine."

Rundermere rode on in savage silence, which remained unbroken until they reached the outskirts of the village. Then he turned once more to his companion.

"Look here, Mannister," he said, "why can't you go your way and let me go mine? I don't wish to interfere with you, and I can't see that I'm doing you any harm."

Mannister laughed enigmatically as he turned away into the covered yard of his inn. "I make no bargains with you, Rundermere," he said. "I act as it pleases me."

On his table Mannister found a note from the hall, asking him to dine that night. He stood for several minutes holding it in his hand, apparently undecided. Then he dashed off an affirmative. This was the fourth invitation he had received, only one of which he had accepted. This one he would have declined but for some little gossip of the hunting-field which had come to his ears

during the day's run. There had been some very high play at the hall during the last few nights, and Rundermere had been in luck. Rundermere and a friend of his had been partners, and won a record rubber. Mannister wondered, as he tied his white tie, who that friend might be. He had caught a glimpse of him in the hunting-field and recognized his caliber instinctively. He felt curious, as he climbed into his dog-cart and drove off to Dunster Hall, to know whether Rundermere and his friend would be there that night.

The dinner-party at the hall that evening was quite a small one. Besides himself and a sister of Mr. Dunster's, there were only Lord Lashmore, Rundermere, and his friend, Captain Harrison, as guests. Captain Harrison was a colorless-looking man, with a faint sandy mustache, and an exceedingly quiet manner. He spoke to scarcely anyone during dinner-time, and took little, if any, wine.

"One of the finest bridge-players I ever saw," his host said in an undertone to Mannister, as they drew closer together after the women had left. "His finesses are positive inspirations. Rundermere isn't bad himself, but his friend knocks spots off him. They had the devil's own luck last night, too—drew together almost every rubber."

Mannister was interested, and would have liked to prolong the conversation, but Rundermere intervened with an inquiry about some two-year-olds, which brought their host on to one of his favorite subjects. Mannister, hearing music in the hall, excused himself presently, and strolled out to where May Dunster was playing. She jumped up directly she saw him.

"Do come and look at our new fountain, Mr. Mannister," she said. "We have set it going to-day for the first time."

He followed her into the conservatory and duly admired the fountain.

"Of course," she said, laying her hand upon his arm, "I did not bring you here to look at it. You can guess that, can't you?"

He nodded. "I had an idea," he remarked, "that you had something to say to me."

"I want to ask you something about Mr. Rundermere," she said. "He is a friend of yours, is he not?"

A very slight frown appeared on Mannister's face as he looked down into her eyes. "I could not go so far as to admit

that," he said. "I have very few friends. Rundermere was an acquaintance of mine some years ago."

"You do not like him!" she exclaimed.

"I do not," he answered calmly. "Do you?"

"I wish I could tell you that!" she exclaimed, looking up at him, perplexed, a little distressed. "Sometimes I think I like him very much, sometimes I do not trust him at all, sometimes I hate him, sometimes I feel that it would be very easy to——"

"To what?" he asked.

"To do what he wants me to do," she said softly, "to care for him."

"Am I right," Mannister said, "in assuming that you want my advice?"

"Please," she asked.

"Look at me, child," he said.

She looked, and it seemed to her that there was something soft and kind in his eyes, some lightening of the cold firm lines of his mouth.

"Yes?" she whispered.

"Do I look like a truthful person?" he asked. "Stop a minute, let me tell you this. I have committed most of the crimes which are possible to a selfish man who loves his liberty, but I have never lied to a woman. Do you believe me?"

Her hands rested upon his very softly. It needed only a movement on his part to turn their touch into a caress.

"You know that I do," she murmured.

"Then believe me when I tell you that there is no man upon this earth less fit to be your husband than Philip Rundermere. He has committed a sin in daring to ask you such a thing, a sin for which he will have to answer. Promise me that you will not think of him in that way any more!"

Her head dropped almost to her hands. Her whisper was so faint it scarcely reached his ear. "I promise," she murmured.

He drew his hands gently away. "Little girl," he said softly, "you are very young, and you have seen very little indeed of the world, but after you have lived a few years longer you will know that it is not middle-aged men whose lives lie behind them, like Rundermere and myself, who should dare to ask such a thing of you. Keep that tender little heart of yours safe until the right time comes. Very soon you will understand what I mean."

Almost without her knowing it he slipped away.

Mannister strolled into the library, where the other four men were already seated at the bridge-table. His host looked up as he entered.

"Come and cut in, Mannister," he said. "We have not started yet."

Mannister shook his head. "Thanks," he said, "it's an ignoble confession to make, but I do not play bridge. I will smoke if I may, and look at the 'Field.'"

The Honorable Jack, having done his duty toward his guest, was too much interested in the game to think further about him for the present. He and Lord Lashmore were once more partners against Rundermere and Harrison, and the fortunes of the game seemed still inclined toward the visitors. Mannister read an article in the "Field" through carefully, word by word, before he raised his eyes. During that time Rundermere had three times turned round in his chair to watch him, and noted the fact that he was apparently absorbed in his paper. When he had finished the article, however, Mannister raised his head, and from behind the cover of the journal which he held devoted his entire attention to the game which the four men were playing. After a while he changed his position, and throwing down the "Field," crossed the room with a yawn, and stood before a picture at the other side of the card-table. His host glanced toward him with a momentary impulse of neglected hospitality.

"Sure you would not like to come in, Mannister?" he asked. "I'm afraid it's awfully slow for you."

"I would not come in for worlds," Mannister answered. "Don't bother about entertaining me. I'm going round the room looking at your prints now. Rather a hobby of mine, prints."

Another quarter of an hour passed. Then Mannister went to a writing-table and wrote a few sentences upon a sheet of note-paper. He thrust it into his waistcoat pocket, and lighting another cigarette, leaned his elbow upon the mantelpiece, and seemed to be watching the game with languid interest. When it was Dunster's turn to be dummy, he called him over.

"I wish," he said, "you'd explain the meaning of this print to me."

Dunster followed him over to the farther corner of the room. Mannister took the paper from his waistcoat pocket and smoothed it out.

The Defeat of Rundermere

"Mr. Dunster," he said, "I am sorry to say that you and Lord Lashmore are being robbed by a pair of card-sharpers. Don't!" he added sharply, as Dunster was about to betray his astonishment by an angry exclamation.

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Mannister?" his host asked.

"Absolute and sober earnest," Mannister replied, "and you can prove it for yourself if you will. Am I not right in supposing that Captain Harrison and Rundermere have drawn together as partners nearly every rubber that has been played?"

"That is so," Dunster admitted stiffly, "but we have always cut."

"Cutting," Mannister said, "is a ridiculously easy matter for an expert like Rundermere's friend. Of course I have not had time to make out the complete code, but there are signals which pass between them to determine the declarations, and also asking for a lead. You see, there are two codes for the declarations. In the first Harrison's foot is pressed against his partner's, once for spades, twice for clubs, three times for diamonds, four times for hearts, and a quick tap for no trumps. That in itself is absolutely easy in the case of unsuspecting opponents. But in case that fails, watch their way of holding their cards. The five fingers are on the last five cards, or some are pushed together to make the code. It is as simple as A B C. Now watch. Your partner is playing a losing trick. It will be Rundermere's lead directly. Now watch Harrison's fingers."

Rundermere took the trick and hesitated. Harrison glanced through his cards, and one of his fingers moved slightly. His first finger was against the third card from the end in his hand.

"Rundermere will lead a diamond," Mannister whispered, and almost as he spoke Rundermere led a small card from that suit.

Dunster had the look of a man who has seen a ghost. "Nothing of this sort," he said, "has ever taken place in my house. Mannister, don't you think there is a chance that you are mistaken?"

Mannister shook his head. "Excuse yourself for a moment," he said, "and read that code through in the next room. It is not complete, of course. There are varia-

tions as to a high or low card which I cannot quite follow. But if you watch for the next half-hour, you will see enough to convince you or anyone."

Dunster excused himself for a moment, and when he came back he went straight to the sideboard and poured himself a brandy and soda. "Lost two tricks did we, partner?" he said. "I thought my hand was a fair one, too."

"Every finesse went against us," Lashmore said gloomily, "and every card in their hands seemed to make."

Dunster resumed his seat and the game progressed. Mannister reclined in an easy chair, the "Field" before him again, but his eyes were half closed. Then suddenly Dunster rose to his feet, and laid his cards face downward on the table.

"Gentlemen," he said calmly, "I regret that this game cannot go on."

Lashmore looked at him in blank amazement. Rundermere was suddenly as pale as death, and his eyes had the wild stare of a man who is stricken by a sudden terror.

"What the devil do you mean, Dunster?" Lashmore asked.

"Mr. Rundermere and Captain Harrison," Dunster said calmly, "know very well what I mean. No money, I believe, has changed hands to-night. The records of this game will be destroyed. Mr. Rundermere, I am ringing for your dog-cart. You will find it convenient, I trust, to finish your season's hunting elsewhere."

Rundermere rose to his feet a little unsteadily. For a moment he seemed about to fight, but he looked past Dunster's determined face to where Mannister lolled in his easy chair with a mocking smile upon his lips. He left the room, and Harrison followed him. Dunster turned toward Mannister and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Mannister," he said, "I suppose I ought to thank you. You had to tell me, of course, but I would not have had this happen for a thousand pounds."

Mannister laughed softly as he made his way to the writing-table. "I see," he said, "that you have some ink here. Allow me." He took a pen from the rack and a paper from his pocket. Then with a little sigh of satisfaction he drew a straight firm line through the third name on the list.

The fifth "*Long Arm of Mannister*" story will appear in the next issue.



A HUMORIST'S ECLIPSE

by
Rowland Thomas

Illustrated by Arthur G. Dove

FIRST minute we set eyes on Private Shoemaker we knew that we was either up against th' real man with th' funny-bug at last, or else we'd drawn th' prize Looloo Boy. What we didn't sabe was that Old Man Black had a funny-bug, too. If we'd 'a' known that, 'twould 'a' saved a lot of trouble.

This Shoemaker man was too natural to be true. No rookie was ever quite so juicy green as him when he come ridin' up out of th' landscape—there's a whole lot of landscape lyin' 'round up that way—settin' on a carryboo, with coils of wire strung around him an' a tellygraft kit slung over his shoulder an' poundin' his slats when old Mr. Carryboo stubs his toe on th' high spots. He had about four feet of legs hangin' down loose on each side, Shoemaker did, and a face! Say, that guy had th' sweetest little baby-face you ever seen on a grown man. Take him all over, he looked a lot like th' makin's of a bad dream.

Me an' big Terry Clancy was settin' out front of quarters, and we got th' first look at him.

"Must be th' new lightnin'-jammer," says Terry. "Looks like he was fresh off th' range, don't he?" he says.

Th' guy rides up clost in front of us, an' some way he gets all those legs and th' coils of wire and all th' rest of his outfit separated fr'm th' carryboo, and then he sort of uncoils and stands up. Man! He was seven

foot high, easy, and not hardly big enough around to get a good grip on.

Me and Terry just sets and gazes at him. And he stands an' gawps at us. Talk about lookin' bashful!

"Excuse me," he says, "but I'm th' new Signal Corpse man. Could you tell me where I'd find th' commandin' off'cer? I hate to bother you," he says, "but they told me to be sure an' report to him. It's some army rule about that, ain't it?" He stops an' looks at Terry's if he was afraid he'd made a break. "Excuse me," he says again. "Maybe you're th' commandin' off'cer yourself? Or this gentleman?" he says, kind of bowin' to me! Made him look a lot like a jack-knife.

It must 'a' hurt Terry to swaller that smile, judgin' by th' way mine felt. But down they went.

"Sorry to say we ain't," says Terry, "but your mistake is natch'ral. You come with me," he says, standin' up and droppin' me a wink. "I'll take you fur's th' door. Excuse me," he says, "if I don't go in to interduce you. Th' k. o.'s got Fillypeenitis anyhow, an' he's grouchier'n gen'ral to-day. You'd ought-a got here yestidday, an' he's all het up about it. Th' wire's been hummin' all th' mornin', an' he don't know but it's messages."

Th' step-ladder gives a fine imitation of a man that's worried bad. "It might be messages," he says, "but more'n likely it's only th' wind in th' wires," he says. "They sound quite a lot alike, 'specially to an

ammytoor," he says, an' trails off behind Terry.

An' I trails them. I was gettin' interested in how Terry's bluff would stand th' show-down. There warn't any k. o. round that post, y' see, nor any post neither, f'r that matter. Nothin' there but just th' tellygraft line an' th' Dupax tra!! pluggin' up over th' Pass together, an' two shacks halfway up th' south slope of that little old mountain, one f'r th' tellygraft operator, an' t'other where half a dozen of us was stationed to guard th' line. Th' trail run right between th' two shacks, an' that was all there was in sight, 'ceptin' th' landscape. Old Man Black was in command of th' whole outfit, and we don't call sergeants k. o's—not in th' army.

So I trails along behind to see what was goin' to happen when Terry puts this jolly up to Black. 'S I say, Black warn't supposed to have any funny-bug, not then. He had th' reputation of bein' th' worst old sour-belly in th' whole army, an' he seemed to want to keep it.

We pikes into th' bunk-room, an' there was Black settin' an' strokin' that old cavalry muss-tash of his and readin' one of them gray-haired magazines th' Ladies' Aid sends out. Th' rest of th' gang was layin' 'round on their bunks, chinnin'. Terry marches over'n front of old Black, scrapes his heels together, an' salutes!

Maybe the gang don't set up and take notice, then. Y' know we don't salute non-coms—not as a gen'ral rule. An' before Black can get his mouth shut about that, Terry ups an' says: "May I speak to th' sergeant, sir? This here's th' new telly-grafter."

That "sir" seems to give Black a new kind of a jolt, an' on top of it Seven-Foot, he salutes! "They told me to be sure an' report to you, sir," he says. "I'm Private Shoemaker, sir, of th' Signal Corpse, sir."

"Well," snaps Old Man Black, gettin' his wind at last, "you can't help that, can you?"

Private Shoemaker, he looks plumb scairt. "Excuse me, sir," he says. "I ought-a got here sooner, but I ain't very ust to ridin' cows, an' when that carryboo trots, I rolls off. An' he warn't what I'd call a fast walker, sir," he says.

Old Man Black's eyes just rolled up, an' he clawed air till his fingers lit in that old muss-tash, an' then he pulled that till it

brought him to. "My Gawd! he says. "Oh, my——"

Terry sees it's time to let up a little. "With th' sergeant's p'rmission," he says, "I'll be takin' th' tellygrafter 'cross to his quarters." He salutes again, an' Seven-Foot, scairt to death, he salutes, an' they trails off.

Them last salutes just about finished Black. He gets a new grip on that muss-tash an' pulls it till they're out of sight. Then he looks 'round at us. "Am I drunk," he says, "or is Terry Clancy bug-housier'n gen'ral? Or is this all a dream? Speak up quick, some of you," and he slides off into a lot of words I reckon he learnt chasin' Geronimo. He was a prize cusser, Black was, even f'r a man that'd handled pack-trains.

We tries to make him see it was some kind of a jolly Terry was givin' th' rookie, but he just simply can't see. He warn't any great joker, Black warn't—or anyway, he used a diff'runt brand of jokes fr'm that kind.

"What does Terry Clancy mean jollyin' me?" Black says. "Me! ME, that's got twenty-eight years' service in, an' all but two of th'm in th' cavalry. I wisht I was back in it now," he says, "givin' Terry Clancy monkey drill. I'd jolly *him*," he says.

He keeps on talkin' like that, almost cryin', till Terry comes back, an' then he hands out a bunch of words that sizzles. But Terry never noticed th'm.

"To think that's all ourn," Terry says, "ourn to love, cherish, an' make over. He's settin' over 'cross there now, too plumb discouraged an' scairt to breathe. 'Th' commandin' off'cer is kind o' violent, ain't he?" he says to me. "Rookie!" says Terry, "Rookie! Why, that lad never *seen* an army before. He's one of them jerk-water recruits th' wiggYWaggers are gettin' in off th' tin-horn railroads, an' he don't know taps fr'm reveille. Stop chewin' air, Black," Terry says, "an' listen to me. This is the greatest chanst *you'll* ever have. We've got to make a soldier of that boy. We'll learn him some customs of th' service that'll surprise th' first officer he strikes. We'll have him astin' p'rmission to blow his nose. An' you're th' twenty-hand, wall-eyed, ring-necked schoolma'am that's dealin' th' cards, Black," says Terry. "There's goin' to be enough military ceremony 'round



"TH' LAST TIME I SEEN YOU, YOU WAS JUMPIN'
BARB-WIRE FENCES, UP SAN JUAN"

here to make a major-gen'ral yell f'r air, an' you're It, Black."

Black warn't enthusiastic—as I say, he never did seem like a joker, anyhow—but th' rest of us was game. We begun right that noon makin' Seven-Foot over. We'd got sat down to grub before Black comes in, an' we all gets up an' salutes him. An' Fatty Gallagher takes Black's mess-kit—has to pry it away fr'm him—an' brings him his chuck, salutin' goin' an' comin', of course. An' when anybody wants any truck he stands up an' salutes an' asts th' sergeant's p'mission. Talk about wetti-quette!

Seven-Foot sets an' takes it all in with them big blue eyes. An' old Black sets an' shovels hash down onto them naughty words. Seein' him then, you'd 'a' bet he couldn't

even smile. You'd 'a' lost—but I ain't got to that yet.

But th' rest of us was havin' th' time of our lives. Yes, sir, we sure had a lot of fun that noon, an' I hate to think what a lot more fun there might 'a' been 'round there if it hadn't been for a piece of bull luck. Th' next mornin' we was teachin' Seven-Foot a new kind of manual of arms out front—he seemed to be real interested in it, too—when Mike Slattery comes pluggin' down th' trail fr'm Dupax. His company was stationed up there. D, it was. Ourn was E.

The minute Mike spots Seven-Foot he lets out a whoop and plugs for him. "Hey, Rube," he yells, tryin' to pull his hand off. "You old son of a gun! Th' last time I seen you, you was jumpin' barb-wire fences, up San Juan. Who mended your pants?"

A Humorist's Eclipse

We tumbled right there. Course it was all our own fault. We'd ought-a known Seven-Foot was too green not to be painted. Painted! He was slick enough to be varnished. Yes, sir, that baby-faced little giant, that rookie with six years' service in, had just been playin' us f'r suckers. Makin' us furnish our own bait, too, an' if Mike Slattery hadn't showed up we might 'a' been makin' Seven-Foot into a soldier yet. *He* wouldn't 'a' stopped us. Grinnin' come hard th' first few tries.

An' old Black! Talk about bein' disgusted! Black just stands back an' pulls that muss-tash and looks at Shoemaker.

"So you're a joker," Black says. "Some day," he says, "I reckon you'll be too danged funny, and I hope," he says, "I'm 'round when it happens."

An' he was—but I ain't got to that yet. Right then, nobody was payin' much attention to Black, anyhow. Seven-Foot was keepin' us all too busy. There we was, up'n th' middle of th' Igaroot country, nothin' 'round but Igaroots an' mountains an' us, an' we'd all been there a long time. Seven-Foot seemed like a kind of a god-send.

I read a piece once in th' paper about th' silent men of th' great outdoors. Th' guy that wrote it was wonderin' why fellers that lives off'n places like where we was don't talk a lot. If he'd ever *lived* there, he'd 'a' known. It ain't safe. Don't take you long to learn to keep your mouth shut when somebody's lardle to put a fist in it if he finds it open.

Our outfit was gettin' like that. We'd been cooped up there f'r six months, an' we knew each other too much. Everybody'd told all he knew sev'ral times over, and we'd got down to gruntin'. An' then along comes Private Shoemaker of the Signal Corps!

Funny! Say, if you could only put him into a book once, just like he was, everybody't ever knew him would buy one. But you couldn't. Funny! A militia cavalry outfit wouldn't be in it with him, fur as drawin' th' merry ha-has goes. 'Twarn't so much what he said and done as th' way he done it.

Funny! Say, if he just looked at you, you'd feel a grin breakin' loose 'way down deep. The way he drapes them arms an' legs around th' furnichure, an' the way his mouth twists up when he begins talkin', an'

the solemn looks in them eyes—I never seen anybody like him. We took to settin' 'round th' tellygraft shack most of th' time, just to watch him.

An' he liked it. He was a good feller all right, if he couldn't 'a' helped springin' a gag on his dyin' grandmother. On'y thing that ever seemed to faze him was Old Man Black. Black'd sift up into that shack, and set down off'n a corner, an' pull his muss-tash, an' look at Shoemaker by th' hour. He'd make Shoemaker nervous as a flea on a bald dog on a sunny day.

"F'r Gawd's sake, Sergeant," he says one day, "if you've got a grouch on me, spit it out."

"Grouch?" says Black, pullin' away. "Grouch? I ain't got none't I know of. I'm just a-waitin', that's all."

"Waitin' for what?" says Shoemaker.

"I dunno myself," says Black. "That's why I have to wait. Don't let me interrupt th' proceedin's," he says. "I'm only waitin'."

And it did seem like Black *was* waitin' for something he knew was goin' to drop *hard*. When he'd come in he'd look Shoemaker all over 's if he was surprised to find him all there, an' when he'd go out he'd take one last long look to remember him by. I don't blame Shoemaker none for gettin' nervous.

But we kind of got ust to Black, 'specially after Shoemaker begun his stunts with th' Igaroots. You know what they are? Them little wild men up'n northern Luzon. Head-hunters, some call th'm. They don't wear much but a broad grin an' a piece of string round their waists, and a bunch of knives and spears and axes. Th' woods is full of th'm up 'round there, but we hadn't seen much of th'm till Shoemaker came. Then one day one of th'm blows in to beg f'r tobacker, and Shoemaker takes him up'n th' shack and amuses him—and *us*—an' th' next day th' shack was just loaded with th'm. And after that we always had whole herds of little wild men settin' 'round grinnin' at Shoemaker and havin' th' time of their lives. And th' stunts he did to them Igaroots with a lookin'-glass and th' loaded ends of the tellygraft wires was shameful.

'N' then he works up a new stunt. Y' see, headquarters ust to send out a gen'ral bulletin every noon over the wires. Took th' place of a newspaper. Well, one of th'

Igaroots could talk a little Spanish, and one day Shoemaker begins to load him up with th' weather report.

"One day, two days," says Shoemaker to him, "'n' then, big wind. *Mucho baguio*. Sabe?" he says. "*Tijon*. Sabe?"

Th' Igaroot looks at Shoemaker, an' he looks out at th' sky, an' he shakes his head. "Long time nice weather," he says. "Good sun. Good moon. No got wind."

"That's all fr'm you," says Shoemaker. "Who make sun, ha? Who make moon? Me," he says. "Who make wind, who make rain? Me," he says. "Like this," he says, wrigglin' his fingers over th' key. "*Como este*. You watch. Two days, I make plenty wind, plenty rain. You tell your friends. Me, I make. Sabe? Rain. Wind. Oooo-oooo-ooo-ooo-ooooo!" he says, whistlin' something like a storm that had gone pretty much to the bad.

Roar!

You'd ought-a heard us. An' th' Igaroots, when they caught on, they howled. "No," they says, "no, no, no. No can do. No, no," and they nearly splits. Everybody was laughin' but Old Man Black, over'n th' corner. He pulled his muss-tash.

But when them Igaroots come back after that typhoon that th' Weather Bureau predicted *had* shyhotted 'cross the island a little to th' south'ard of us, they warn't laughin'. No, sir. They tell me you don't

laugh when It's around, and they sure enough took Shoemaker f'r It, after that. They comes in, two or three hundred of th'm, and them that can't get into th' shack camps on th' trail, and they begs Shoemaker not to do it again. And every one of th'm has some kind of tribyute along—a hatful of pertaters, or a bunch of palay, or a couple of cigarettes. They comes pilin' in like a bunch of Christians, with

all kinds of sacrifices, and asts Shoemaker not to do it any more.

Inever seen Seven-Foot what you'd call embarrassed till right then. "I can't do it," he says. "It's like pinchin' kisses fr'm a girl that ain't bashful," he says. "Go 'way, you," he says to th' Igaroots. "We are friends. Sabe? *Amigos*. I'll let up on you. Get out, an' take your pertaters with you. Thank th' Lord," he says, "th' typhoon season's most over. I hope

I won't have to be no more prophets."

But th' Igaroots don't seem to sabe. They makes him take th' tribyute, and after that there warn't a day that a bunch of worshippers didn't show up. There was no more grinnin'. No, sir, they'd come in like they was goin' to church, and lay that tribyute on the floor, and squat down and watch Shoemaker and his tellygraft machine. When it went to clickin' they'd shiver. Seemed like they thought Seven-



EVERYBODY WAS LAUGHIN' BUT OLD MAN BLACK, OVER 'N TH' CORNER. HE PULLED HIS MUSS-TASH

Foot and th' machine was both in on th' weather game. An' I guess they was.

That tribyute kind of reformed Shoemaker. "Lord knows," he says to us, "I like fresh veg'tables all right, all right, but I do hate to have to feel like a grafter to get th'm. This is where I stop. You're right, Black," he says, "there's such a thing as bein' too danged funny, an' I'm that man."

Old Man Black, he just pulls his muss-tash.

"Oh, you can quit waitin'," says Shoemaker. "I've got mine. I'll never spring another gag."

An' I reckon he meant it—then. He didn't sabe th' way he was built, that's all. That feller could no more let a chanst get by him than a hen could spit. An' I don't think I'll ever forget th' day when the chanst come, an' old Black, he showed up as a joker, too, an' th' Igaroots—but I'll tell you just how it was.

We was all settin' round th' tellygraft shack one noon—us and th' Igaroots that was on church duty—an' Shoemaker was takin' down th' bulletin, and all to once he shouts.

"I hate to," he says, "but I've got to do it. It's too easy. Listen to this," he says, and reads off'n th' bulletin: "A total eclipse of the moon, visible in northern Luzon. Begins 6.42 p.m. Middle, 7.23 p.m.' Say," says Shoemaker, "can't you see their faces when that moon goes out? When I put it out! Oh, Lordy, Lordy, Lordy! Black, you'll have to let me just this once. I've got to see *that*."

"I ain't henderin' you, am I?" says Old Man Black.

"Swelp me, it's the last time," says Shoemaker, an' he turns round to th' Igaroots.

"Sabe moon?" says he. "To-night, go sun, come moon, like that," he says, scratchin' a match. "That all same moon. Come me, make like this," he says, blowin' out th' match. "Whoo-oo-oof! No more moon. To-night. You come see. Tell everybody."

You'd ought-a seen them Igaroots poundin' th' floor with their heads. They believed he could do it, all right. "No do," they begs. "No got moon, no can see. Very bad. No do, no do."

Old Black, he just sets an' pulls his muss-tash. "Casey," he says, "you don't need to go up to Dupax this afternoon. An' th' rest o' you," he says, "I'll keep over'n

our side of the road to-night. This here's Private Shoemaker's fun'ral, an' we ain't called to come buttin' in. I've been waitin' a long time," he says to Shoemaker, "but if these here Injuns is any like 'Paches, I wouldn't wonder if we was about there."

There was something about th' way old Black said that—you could see old Seven-Foot begin to think. Th' rest of us thought some, too, I reckon. We begun to see some possibilities in that eclipse that we hadn't seen before. But we couldn't figure any way of stoppin' it. All there was to do was wait, an' by th' time night come I bet Seven-Foot would 'a' give a small pile f'r a pair of wings.

Th' Igaroots had come in in droves and was squatted down alongside th' trail, lookin' up at th' moon. We was settin' in th' winders of our shack, lookin' at th' Igaroots an' th' moon, an' when he couldn't side-step no longer Shoemaker comes out on a kind of balc'ny there was on th' front of his shack, an' looks at th' moon an' the Igaroots an' us.

When th' Igaroots sees him they goes all together, "No do, no do, no do, no do, no do!"—like singin'. He had th'm bluffed, all right.

"I reckon Seven-Foot's let himself in f'r a serious-minded kind of a joke," I says to Black. I was settin' next to him.

"He's all right 's long's that ee-clipse follers th' guide," says Black, pullin' that old muss-tash, "but," he says, lookin' at that bunch of wild men with their knives shinin' in th' moonlight, "if she *should* happen to passage on him, I reckon stilts 'u'd be what he'd want." An' then that cold-blooded old geezer looks up at th' moon, an' he grins till all his teeth show. First time I'd ever seen th'm—except when he was takin' a fresh chew. "Let her go, Private Shoemaker," he yells. "All present an' accounted for."

Shoemaker looks up, an' he groans, an' th' Igaroots looks up, an' they groans, an' I ain't sure but what I groan, f'r one aidge of that moon was goin' out of biznai, and it was all up to poor old Seven-Foot.

Well, sir, them next fifteen minutes had ought-a been amusin', but they warn't—to anybody but Black, anyhow. There was Seven-Foot up on his balc'ny, lookin' mighty lonesome, wavin' his arms an' woofin' his breath. An' there was th' Igaroot yaps poundin' their heads an'



"COME ME, MAKE LIKE THIS," HE SAYS, BLOWIN' OUT TH' MATCH.
"WHOO-OO-OOF! NO MORE MOON"

singin', "No do, no do, no do, no do!" But Seven-Foot, he just *had* to do.

It kep' on gettin' darker, till I could just barely see old Black ravelin' out his muss-tash. An' then—I've seen it just twice in my life, people gettin' so crazy scairt they warn't afraid of nothin'—Shoemaker lets out a yell, and a lot of torches flares up, and we sees a bunch of head-hunters up on that balc'ny. They has a strangle-holt on Shoemaker, an' th' one that talks Spanish is holdin' th' point of a bolo to his stummick. We jumps up. An' then Old Man Black plays that cold-hand joke of his.

"Set still, you," Black says, pullin' his old 45. "Th' best part of this show's comin' yet, an' anybody 't tries to run across an' break it up 's larble to get some sore feet. Set still," he says, wavin' th' gun.

We sat still. Old Black, he had a reputation, an' *our* guns was by our bunks.

Th' Igaroots comes closin' in between th'

shacks, not thinkin' of us, just watchin' th' balc'ny. It was too still to be pleasant, just the shuffle of them bare feet an' the snappin' of th' torches. They keeps crowdin' up. An' Seven-Foot, he keeps squirming, but it's no use. They've got him.

An' then th' Igaroots on the ground hollers again, "No do, no do, no do." It ain't like singin' any more, but 's if they meant it. An' th' lad with th' bolo jabs it into Seven-Foot's stummick an' says, "No do," 's if *he* meant it.

Say, you could *see* Seven-Foot think! And he hits his only chanst—only one 's long as Black's playin' pardners with th' Igaroots, anyhow. "No kill," he says. "You kill, no get moon. Wait a minute," he says. "No kill. I makum moon come back."

That's just what th' Igaroots was lookin' for! They ain't so slow, if they don't wear cloes. They lets go of Shoemaker, an' he wabbles out to th' railin', an' th' little feller

A Humorist's Eclipse

hands him another with th' bolo. "Makum *quick!*" he says. "Quick, quick, quick," he says, punchin' him each time.

Shoemaker throws up his hands an' yells, "No kill, no *kill*, no KILL! I makum!"

Right there old Black begins to laugh. It was rusty, but it would 'a' gone f'r a laugh anywhere. He laughs so he sets us off. Maybe it warn't just kind-hearted—but if you could 'a' heard him! An' seen Seven-Foot! I don't feel so terrible much to blame f'r laughin' when I think of it. There's th' old step-ladder, suckin' *in* his breath this time, an' wavin' them long arms at th' moon 's if he'd give a year's pay to have th'm round her neck! An' th' moon don't seem to take no notice of him at all!

Th' little feller—he come about up to Seven-Foot's waist—fetches another wipe. "Makum *quick!*" he says.

Old Seven-Foot sees us—first time since th' trouble broke loose, I reckon. "Come over here quick," he yells, not forgettin' to keep his arms goin'. "They're larble to hurt me. They're gettin' impatient!"

That nearly ends old Black. "You say nothin' an' get busy with that moon," he hollers back, when he can talk. "How long does these ee-clipses gen'rally last?" he yells. "Seems to me this one's been goin' quite a while. Look out she don't lay down on ye."

Seven-Foot just groans, an' looks up at th' moon, an' lets out an extry foot in them arms! Laugh! Black just claws air and laughs and laughs and laughs till he slides down onto the floor. An' he keeps right on laughin' there. "P-pound me on th' b-back somebody," he bleats. "H-hit me h-harder. I ain't seen so much real *fun*," he says, "since th' day th' dead Injun set his teeth in Skinny Taylor's hand and wouldn't let go. Oh my, oh my, oh my," he says. "On with th' dance, let joy be unrefined."

Well, that eclipse gets through in time—just about time f'r Seven-Foot. He didn't have no wind left when she got to shinin' clear again. Quick as he can he gets down on th' trail an' starts to come across to us.

But th' Igaroots has other plans f'r Seven-Foot. "*Sigue Dagupan*," they says. "Very bad man. Bad, bad, bad. Go 'way quick. No come back. Bad, bad, bad." An' they waves their knives.

Seven-Foot looks over to us, kind of beggin', but old Black stands up. "Gawd b-bless you, S-seven-Foot," he says. "G-go in peace. You're th' f-funniest man I ever s-seen. B-bad, ba-ad, b-ba-ad," he bleats. "Pound me again, s-somebody!"

"*Quick!*" says th' little feller with th' bolo, an' Seven-Foot gives us one sorrerful look, an' I reckon he sees nothin' to th' front of that shack but just Black's teeth, an' he hits the trail f'r Carranglan. Twenty-seven miles to grub!

Funny! We roars. Of course it warn't quite so funny when we has time to think about it. That was about all we could do, though, was *think*. Fatty Gallagher, he says to Black one day, "Didn't you kind of rub it into Seven-Foot?"

Black just looks at Fatty till Fatty shifts a leg. "Fatty," says Black, "warn't that ee-clipse th' funniest thing you ever seen?"

"It—it sure was funny, Sergeant," says Fatty.

"Then," says Old Man Black, pullin' away at his old muss-tash, "why don't you laugh about it? Laugh, dang you," he says. "I want to hear you. Laugh hearty."

An' Fatty Gallagher laughed. But it warn't hearty.

'N' that's why th' next time I see a guy that don't want to laugh, I ain't goin' to make him. No, sir, I ain't aimin' to amuse no hyeeners like Old Man Black.



At the Throat of the Republic

Second Article—At the Election

By Charles Edward Russell

Editor's Note.—The first article of this series, dealing with the intricate organization of illegal registration throughout the country, appeared in the December *Cosmopolitan*. The concluding article on fraud and crime in connection with the counting of votes will be printed in our next issue.



THE clerk of the Brass Farthing lodging-house, far over on New York's East Side, took the foolscap sheets the man had given him and went into the sleeping-room of his populous and unpretentious hostelry. About two hundred men were sleeping on iron cot-beds ranged close together and in tiers. It was between four and five o'clock in the morning. The clerk turned up the light and scanned the list in his hand. Then, without ceremony, he began to tumble men out of their beds and drag them, cursing and protesting, to their feet. To the young reformer that, as an amateur detective, was watching the proceedings from his bunk, they seemed a sinister lot of gallows-birds, the ragged refuse of the great cities, hard-featured and exceedingly ill-favored. Still half asleep and grumbling, they were driven into the front room or office, the clerk at their heels. The man that had brought the list was still waiting. He was a Tammany captain and knew his business. At one side of the room he had boilers of hot coffee and piles of sandwiches, and upon this fodder he swiftly herded his cattle.

A little before five he herded them again and got them down to the sidewalk without breaking any bones, which was a mercy, for

some were plainly drunk. In the street they were separated into squads, and before six o'clock they were standing in line at all the neighboring polling-places, waiting for the polls to open. Each man was furnished with a list of names that he was to vote and a list of places where he was to vote each name. At every polling-place other gallows-birds similarly equipped held the first places in the waiting lines, and the instant the polls were opened the fraudulent votes began to fall like snowflakes, and so continued while the day endured; for as soon as a gallows-bird had voted in one precinct he moved on to vote in the next.

More scenes from the New York city election of 1905. And yet I do not know why I should particularize. They are scenes, too, from the election of 1904 and they will continue to be scenes at elections so long as vote-brokerage shall endure; scenes in New York and scenes in every other city where the corporations have any issue at stake. The lodgers routed from their beds were such floaters and repeaters as all over the country execute the contracts of the vote-brokers. In one city and in all cities they are marshaled early at the polls to perform more surely the work for which they are hired. It is thus that they are enabled to vote fraudulently in the names of actual citizens, and to minimize the chances of detection. If a citizen come to the polls at noon and find that somebody

else has voted in his name, he can usually be overawed or intimidated, and in any event the fraudulent ballot is in the box and cannot be taken out. And this is the common practice in all the large cities of the country.

But how about the secret ballot? Is not that a protection against election frauds? You can hire a man to vote a certain ticket, but you cannot tell whether he actually votes it. He may take your money, and when he gets into the booth he may vote for your opponent.

Good citizen, comfortable in your easy belief about the sanctity of law and the supremacy of order, kindly observe that the secret ballot is theoretically an admirable device against fraud; in practice, so far as these frauds are concerned, it is exactly as if it never existed. This has been shown incontrovertibly. Precinct captains always know before election how many normal opposition votes will be cast in their precincts. They know how many fraudulent votes have been bought. To ascertain how honestly the goods are delivered is a sum in simple arithmetic. There are also corroborative testimonies. In some of the polling-places in 1905 the voting-booths were thoughtfully arranged against open doors and windows. Holes were then cut in the canvas walls of the booths so as to permit one on the other side to see exactly how the voter marked his ballot. At one of these places the voter had to exhibit his ballot properly marked before he could get his money; but that was an extreme measure resorted to because a particular squad of floaters violated the ethics of vote-brokerage by getting very drunk. Also, exist ways of checking the floaters by the ballots, although that is more expensive. Every ballot is numbered, and if a watcher keeps entries of the names of the voters and the corresponding ballot numbers, it is possible for the election clerks, when the ballots are being counted, to ascertain how any particular man voted, which, of course, exactly defeats the purpose of the law. This can only be done by connivance, but since, as will be shown hereafter, all the polling-place election officers are frequently in the pay of one party, the connivance is a mere matter of bargaining.

From all these sources of information, and some others, the astute men behind the curtain that conduct our elections and decide for us our issues, long ago deduced infal-

lible rules as to the proportion of men that, being bought, will stay bought. Practically the entire mass of floaters can be depended upon to vote as they are paid to vote. They have no reason to do otherwise; they have no interest except to get their promised wages. Of the bribed local voters, through whom the frauds are worked in the smaller places, at least ninety per cent. will vote as they agree to vote. There are, to be sure, certain men that take the money and vote the opposition ticket, but they are really very few, and in a mass of bought votes theirs are negligible.

All this seems bad enough to anyone that believes in the old-fashioned doctrines of government, but even this is not so sinister as another phase of the matter. Back of the frauds and the fraud-herders is a vast, subtle, and secret network of powerful influences that prevent the execution of the law and secure the immunity of the law-breaker. You would be amazed beyond measure if you knew whither these influences sometimes lead and what men high in the public esteem are not only cognizant of the law's perverting but assist in it. Eminent men, respectable men, captains of industry, and leaders in the business world, in secret they honor this corruption that furthers their dividends, and because of their unsuspected interference it has become almost impossible, not only in New York, but everywhere else, to secure conviction and punishment for proved election frauds.

I will give one illustration of this influence and how it works:

On election day, 1905, in New York, an ardent young reformer started out to see if he could assist the men that were trying to stem a sea of fraud. He was different from the average reformer because he was one from the people, was born on the East Side, educated in the public schools, and bred to a knowledge of things as they are in New York and not as they are in New Jerusalem. Knowing things as they are, he took with him two assistants: the name and power of a newspaper and a body-guard of specially detailed policemen. The latter will probably seem to you superfluous. On the contrary, I assure you it was absolutely indispensable.

The young man had a fair knowledge of the geography of election deviltry and went first to the polling-place at No. 137 Third Avenue, which is in the Second Election Dis-



Drawn by William R. Leigh

THE CLERK BEGAN TO TUMBLE MEN OUT OF THEIR BEDS AND DRAG THEM, CURSING AND PROTESTING, TO THEIR FEET

trict of the Eighteenth Assembly District. In the first five minutes he was there he was a witness of the following scene:

A man came in, a seedy-looking man, obviously ill at ease and nervous. The reformer watched him closely. He approached the table of the clerk that had the registration list.

"What is your name?" asked the clerk.

"My name," said the man, in a strangely hesitating way, "is James—" and then he stopped, plainly perplexed.

The young reformer dashed forward. "Here!" he shouted, "I challenge that man. He doesn't know his own name."

An angry buzz of protest rose from the watchers and election clerks, who were, all of them, in the same interest.

"You don't know your name!" cried the young reformer. "Spell it! Let's hear you spell your own name!"

A man in the crowd behind looked at a slip of paper in his hand and began aloud, "K-a-r——"

"Stop that!" the young man shouted. "If you say another letter I'll have you arrested. I want this man to spell his name."

"He doesn't have to spell his name," said the protection lawyer, who was kept on hand for such emergencies, and who now came forward and repeated his remark.

"No," said the election judge, evidently much relieved, "he doesn't have to spell his name, and, anyway, he votes."

So a ballot was put into the man's hand, and with no record of his name or address he went into the voting-booth.

The instant he had reappeared and deposited his vote, the young man sprang at him again. "I protest against that man's vote!" he shouted. "It is plainly fraudulent. Officer, I demand the arrest of that man for violating the election laws."

"I won't arrest him," said the policeman on duty at the polling-place, "but if you don't keep still and get out of here, young fellow, I'll run you in."

"Then I'll arrest him myself," said the reformer, and laid hold of the floater.

By this time there was an angry crowd at the young man's back, and hands were laid upon him. The body-guard marched in, and the crowd fell back.

"Now, officer," said the reformer, "you

can arrest this man or take the consequences. I know you, and I know who put you on the force, and I'll have you broken if you refuse to do your duty," and he spoke a certain name talismanic in local politics.

The policeman sullenly took the floater by the arm, the crowd meantime jeering and making threats. Outside the door the reformer said to the policeman,

"If you let that man break away from you, as you are planning to do, I will go before the commissioner and prefer charges against you."

So they got to the East Twenty-second Street station, where the floater was locked up. Later, he was taken before Assistant District Attorney Sanford, to whom he confessed that he was not a resident, that he had forgotten the name he had been told to vote under at the polling-place where he was arrested, and that all day he had been voting in different precincts under different names, John Karp and others. He gave his real name as John Krup. He was arraigned, pleaded not guilty, and was held for trial in five thousand dollars bail.

Bail was promptly furnished. He was a ragged, dirty tramp, and when he was arrested he had not a cent in his clothes, but bail in five thousand dollars was promptly furnished and eminent counsel employed. On the day that his trial was to begin he was sitting in court. His lawyers asked permission at the noon recess to consult with their client. He went with them to their office. Thence he never returned. When his case was called, his lawyers professed ignorance of his whereabouts, his bail was declared forfeited, and that was the end of the case. That night Krup was taken over the North River, and put aboard a train on the Pennsylvania Railroad. A week later he appeared in San Francisco, where he was taken into the employ of the San Francisco branch of the Interurban Vote-Brokerage Association, to which he had been sent with the necessary credentials. His confession to the assistant district attorney had made it absolutely necessary that for the welfare of the public-utility corporations and their owners he should be made secure and silent.

William Casey, Thomas Hardin, Joseph Mullane, Benjamin Thompson, A. Cornell, and one other, arrested and indicted for similar offenses, were likewise bailed and likewise disappeared.

In Brooklyn, Edward J. Milan, a notorious character, headed a company of about fifty repeaters that went openly from polling-place to polling-place depositing votes. If any objection was made a fight instantly ensued, and the objecting watcher or citizen was beaten into silence. Milan was arrested, three indictments were found against him, and he was held in eleven thousand dollars bail, which was furnished. He fled from the jurisdiction of the court, and the bail was forfeited. When the affair seemed to have blown over he returned and was rearrested. When he was arraigned the case against him was so lamely and impotently put by the prosecutor that the disgusted judge refused to let it go to the jury and ordered a verdict of acquittal. The other indictments were thereupon allowed to lapse. Of course. Almost all these cases are allowed to lapse. Of all other crimes together there are not so many failures to prosecute as there are of election crimes, the most important of all.

The boldness of some of that day's performances would have made us gasp if we had heard of them ten years ago. Now we do not care very much: we have become inured to that sort of thing and rather expect it. James F. McGuire, No. 380 West End Avenue, was one of the election officers. In the afternoon he left the polling-place where he was employed, went to the Fortieth Election District of the Nineteenth Assembly District, and voted as Harry Jennings, No. 182 West End Avenue. Peter Brennan, of No. 841 Third Avenue, was called to Paterson on election morning about a business that would detain him all day. Bernard Wallace, of No. 235 East Forty-fifth Street, voted in the First Election District of the Twenty-second Assembly District as Brennan. Wallace was twenty-two years old, and Brennan was forty-five. John L. Foley voted in the name of a dead man. Charles Tupper, of No. 322 East 112th Street, was in the polling-place at No. 1809 Lexington Avenue when he heard his name and address given by a floater, who proceeded to vote as Charles Tupper. Bands of repeaters marching from one precinct to another made no concealment of their business. Henry Hill, of the Second Assembly District of Kings, said that he saw no fewer than five hundred repeaters at work in his district, and following some of the gangs saw them taken over the bridge to Manhattan, where

they continued to vote until the polls were closed. In the Sixth Assembly District of New York the repeaters were formed into groups of fifty each, and some of their leaders defied anyone to interfere with them. An unintimidated watcher challenged one of the men, who was palpably and obviously a fraud, and insisted upon an arrest. The policeman at the polls took the man in charge. One of the cheap lawyers that are employed

In the same assembly district twenty men came in in a body at three o'clock. The names were called off so rapidly and so indistinctly that they could be neither taken down nor checked. All the twenty voted, and it was said that not one of them was registered. In the Twenty-seventh Assembly District, an hour before the closing of the polls, the chairman at one place read out a list of all persons that had not voted. The



Drawn by William R. Leigh

HOLES WERE CUT IN THE CANVAS WALLS OF THE BOOTHS SO AS TO PERMIT ONE ON THE OTHER SIDE TO SEE EXACTLY HOW THE VOTER MARKED HIS BALLOT

to hang about the polling-places whispered in the policeman's ear. The policeman took the man around the corner and released him. The man went to his room, changed his coat, and returned to the same polling-place, where he gave another name that he read from a slip of paper and voted again.

names were taken down, and men hurriedly left the polling-place. In a few minutes they returned with floaters that voted all of the names remaining. In the First Election District of the Fourteenth Assembly District the polls closed at five o'clock with fifteen unvoted names on the list. At five



LODGING-HOUSE, 173 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.
 TWENTY-ONE CASES OF ILLEGAL REG-
 ISTRATION WERE DISCOVERED
 IN THIS HOUSE IN THE
 ELECTION OF 1907

minutes past five an election officer asked if there were any more that wished to vote. A crowd of men rushed forward and voted on the remaining names. A protest was made; I need hardly say it was unheeded.

At a polling-place in the Sixth Assembly District a man gave his address as No. 98 Bowery. This being outside of the precinct, the man was told he could not vote. He consulted with the Tammany captain in charge, went away, came back, and gave his address as No. 185 Bowery. His vote was challenged, but the chairman refused to record the challenge. Another man came in and gave his name first as James Mason, changing it the next instant to John Connolly, No. 109 Bowery. No such name could be found on the registration list. The man then said his name was Thomas H.

Contin, No. 169 Bowery, and his vote was received under that name. Another man gave his name as James Murphy, No. 183 Bowery. He was allowed to vote although no such name was upon the list. Another man was detected trying to vote on the name of a man that had already voted. The police refused to make any arrest.

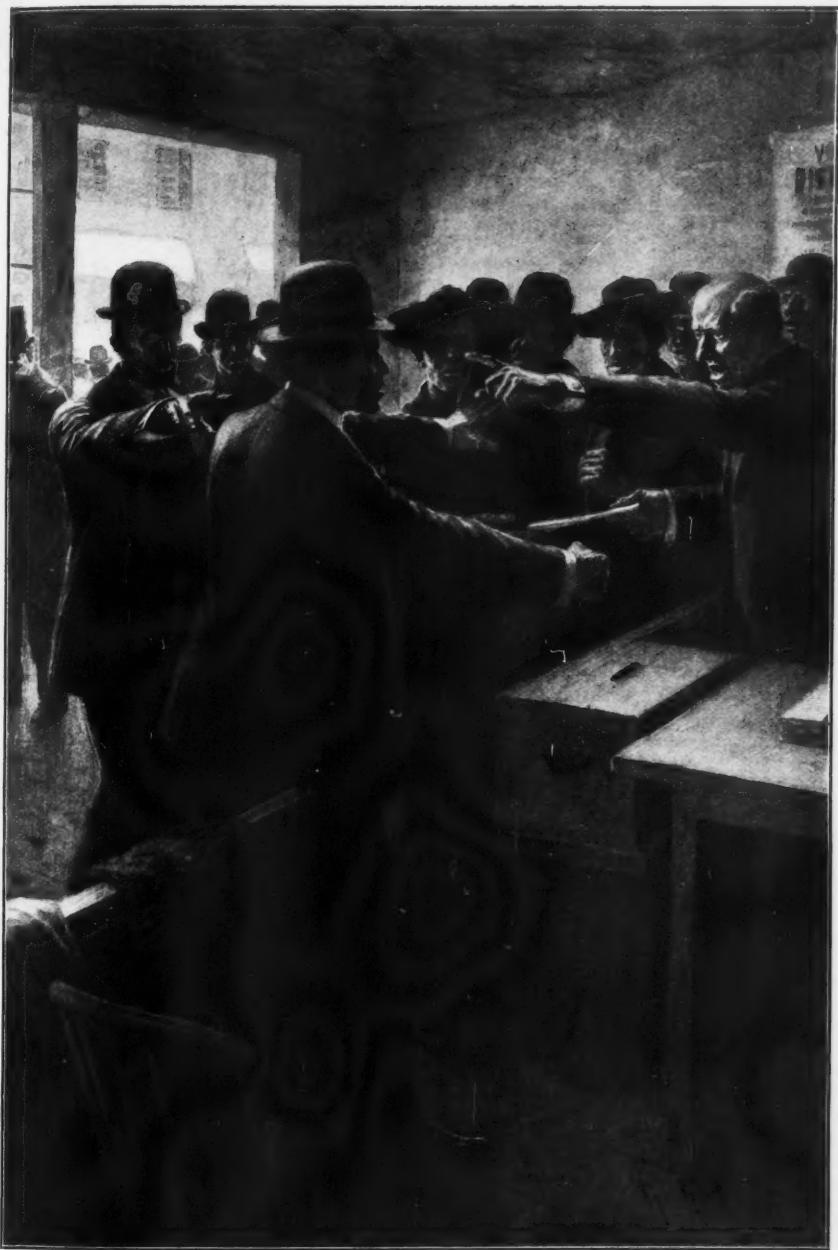
All these things happened at one polling-place in about half an hour.

In innumerable instances the police refused to make any arrests, even of notorious and flagrant offenders, and worked on the side of the vote-brokers. Reviewing the events of the day, the "New York World" said that the police had utterly failed to do their duty, to preserve order, or to enforce the election laws. The dullest observer knew that monstrous frauds were being committed, and the operations of the gangs of floaters and repeaters were carried on with no attempt at concealment; but the police steadily refused to interfere, and most of the arrests were made by private citizens.

In the Fifteenth Assembly District the number of repeaters at work was estimated at six to eight hundred and the number of fraudulent votes cast at about fourteen hundred. Every prisoner in the state prison or the penitentiary that had resided in this district was voted.

According to the law, the officers in charge of each polling-place (judges and clerks of elections) must be of different parties, and the parties may be still further represented in the authorized watchers. In many instances, as I have said, the vote-brokers bought all the election officers and all the watchers, so that all the machinery of the polling-place was controlled in one interest. Several election boards were arrested entire because, being thus purchased, they committed, in behalf of their employers, offenses too bold and shameless to be passed over. In the Krup case all the election officers of all parties labored strenuously to get in the fraudulent vote and to cry down the protests, and subsequently all were arrested and indicted. But there were hundreds of other cases where the actions of the officers were as bad or worse and where there were no arrests.

Much of the East Side was given over to violence. Prize-fighters, burglars, water-side thieves, highwaymen, and professional thugs were organized into bands to take possession of the polling-places and assault



Drawn by William R. Leigh

THE YOUNG REFORMER DASHED FORWARD. "HERE!" HE SHOUTED, "I CHALLENGE THAT MAN. HE DOESN'T KNOW HIS OWN NAME"

At the Throat of the Republic

or disable the challengers or frighten them away. Voters approaching the polls were stopped, and if they would not promise to vote as desired they were set upon and beaten. Any man that proclaimed himself a worker for the other side did so at the imminent risk of his life. Riots, fighting, and bloody scenes followed one another all day. The hospitals were filled with injured men. Black-jacks and brass knuckles were the weapons most commonly used, but there was continual shooting. No resident of New York could recall another election accompanied with so much violence.

When the thugs had driven from the polls all the watchers and challengers of the opposition, almost unlimited frauds were perpetrated. At one precinct in the Third Assembly District, as soon as the watchers had been driven off, the ballot-boxes were opened and the opposition ballots taken out and thrown away. Ballots were picked up in the streets and found in ash-barrels. Misapplied ingenuity made many of these frauds safe as well as effective. In some of the precincts careful and minute canvasses had revealed the names of practically all the residents that purposed to vote the opposition ticket. Lists of these names were supplied to the election officers. Whenever a man whose name was on this list emerged from the booth and presented his ballot the clerk tore off the stub in such a manner as to mutilate the ballot and furnish a ground on which it could be rejected by the counters. This was perfectly well known to all of the election officers, but was never interfered with except once. Then a watcher protested and was beaten half to death by the hired thugs that were guarding the polling-place.

In other instances men known to belong to the opposition were induced by the election officers to mark their ballots with blue lead-pencils, thus losing their votes.

These are merely a few instances selected to give an idea of conditions throughout the city wherever fraud could be attempted with any show of success. This is the way the game was played that year in order that the great corporations might retain their grasp upon their monstrous privileges; it is the way it is played every year when the great corporations that supply the funds and maintain the vote-brokers take a hand in the election. In New York city, in 1905, they secured and deposited not fewer than sixty thousand fraudulent

votes. In any city they can equal that record any time they please. As observe:

Philadelphia has long been known as, of all American cities, the most productive of graft for the corporations and the most thoroughly subjugated to corporation rule. Consequently Philadelphia has furnished the most perfect examples of the working of the system; for here the business of vote-brokerage has had its utmost development and most brazen operation. Until recently the chief election frauds in New York were subordinate to the headquarters in Philadelphia and by comparison much inferior. "A perfect understanding," writes my correspondent, "existed between the managers in the two cities. There was a regular working agreement (carried out for Philadelphia by a well-known backer of gambling-houses) between the New York city machine and the Philadelphia machine. Philadelphia contributed to New York when Tammany or McCarren needed voters. New York rendered similar service to Philadelphia."

Election-day methods in Philadelphia differed somewhat because of a difference in the laws. Until a year ago there was no personal registration of voters, but the assessors made up in each ward a list of the persons entitled to vote. This made colonizing for registering purposes unnecessary and kept down the number of colonizers on election day; for the assessors merely padded the lists with whatever names occurred to them, and when the polls were opened gangs of hired men voted these names, one man often voting six times in one precinct. But even the services of these were not required in some precincts where the system had been highly developed and the brokers were in full control; for in such places the election officers merely took a list of fraudulent names, marked a corresponding number of ballots, stuffed them into the box and checked off the fraudulent names as having voted. This saved time and money, for it was cheaper to buy the election officers than to hire and feed the repeaters. According to the scale adhered to in recent years, the regular price for repeaters was fifty cents a vote, but the opportunities were so good that I am assured the average day's earnings for an active repeater were twenty-five dollars. So far had advanced business methods been introduced that tags were given out at each polling-place to each re-



AN ARREST FOR ILLEGAL VOTING IN NEW YORK CITY, ELECTION DAY, 1907

peater after he had deposited his vote, and at night these tags were redeemed at various designated headquarters for fifty cents each. This arrangement simplified matters and avoided dispute. Every repeater had in his hands the evidence of the work he had done.

The police worked with the brokers and gave them every assistance, sometimes conducting the repeaters from polling-place to polling-place and instructing them about their work. The superintendent of police testified under oath that the night before election he always gave orders (at the direction of his superior) that there was to be no attempt to stop repeating and other election frauds. Every dive-keeper, as part payment for his protection, was obliged to furnish the names of fraudulent voters as residing in his house, and policemen found that their standing on the force and their chances of promotion depended upon their activity in the same work; so that thousands of names were furnished by the police themselves. On a recent election day a prominent citizen went into a polling-place and found a gang of forty repeaters in charge of two police sergeants (in uniform). One sergeant was supplying the men with names

and telling them how to vote, and the other was giving them whiskey or money.

These were the operations in the eighteen slum or river wards of Philadelphia. In the residential sections the tactics were slightly different. Dead men were always voted, and so were all citizens that were out of town and those that habitually avoided the ballot-box. One case, that of a man of prominence that died in 1856 and has been voted every year since, was regarded as somewhat extreme; but there were thousands upon thousands of others of more recent demise. And men like Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Judge Elkin, of the state supreme court, and Justus C. Strawbridge, discovered last year that annually votes had been cast in their names although they had not gone to the polls.

An exact record of the extent of these frauds was obtained in 1906, when the reformers, having temporarily secured control of affairs, made a minute investigation of the whole subject. I am glad I have before me a summary of their work, or I should not dare to mention the figures of the total transgressions. As a result of the crusade of Sheldon Potter, the reform Director of

Public Safety, sixty-five thousand fraudulent names were cut out of the voting-lists of Philadelphia. Taking account of these and of the operations of the repeaters, the conclusion was certain that for years the vote-brokers had controlled and cast annually between fifty and one hundred thousand fraudulent votes, the number varying merely with the demand and never because of any limitation of supply.

On some occasions the machine, which was thus enabled to maintain (for the corporations) its hold upon the city government, desired, for reasons of federal patronage, to make a particularly strong showing, and thereupon the frauds became stupendous. One such occasion was the presidential election of 1904. The total vote cast for Mr. Roosevelt in Philadelphia that year was 227,000. In 1906, when the reformers had (for the time being) purified the lists and stopped the worst of the frauds, the total vote cast by all parties was only 225,000. Parker's vote in 1904 was 46,875, the Prohibitionists had 1521, the Socialists 3254, and there were two thousand scattering votes. Yet Roosevelt's vote was two thousand more than all the votes in the city two years later, when the local interest was greater. The Second Ward of Philadelphia has 3421 qualified voters; in 1904 it gave Roosevelt 4631 votes. The Fifth Ward has 2433 qualified voters; it gave Roosevelt 3406 votes. The Eighth Ward has 3139 qualified voters; it gave Roosevelt 4472 votes. The Tenth Ward has 4618 qualified voters; it gave Roosevelt 6705 votes. In each of twenty wards from one to three thousand fraudulent votes were cast. Mr. Roosevelt's majority in Philadelphia was about one hundred and eighty thousand, of which more than eighty thousand votes were fraudulent.

The election of 1906, it should be said, was, for Philadelphia, exceptionally clean, the reformers having driven the police out of politics, passed a personal-registration law, and by some vigorous prosecution frightened off the brokers. But even at this election there were rioting, intimidation, colonizing, and frequent assaults. These enabled the machine, by a narrow margin, to regain control of affairs, and now the backer of gambling-houses is again in the brokerage business and, trade being promising with indications of a brisk demand and no questions asked, there seems to be no

reason why their good old days should not return, laden with abundant harvests.

In Rhode Island, fraudulent manipulation on election day supplements fraudulent registration and colonizing. Former Senator James M. Thurston, Democratic candidate for lieutenant-governor two years ago, made this statement:

"The policy of buying up election supervisors to mark the ballots of illiterate Democrats for Republican candidates is almost universal in the city [Providence] and probably extends to outside towns and cities. This is a very grave assault upon the people's rights, though less grave than the manipulation of caucuses, by which control is obtained of the supervisors that officiate at elections."

But Denver, Colorado, presents the most striking illustration both of the causes of corruption in American politics and the boldness that the corrupting agencies have attained to. In proportion to the population there seems to have been cast at Denver, in September, 1903, a larger percentage of fraudulent votes than up to that time had ever been cast anywhere in America. The reason for this festival of crime was most significant: the vested interests were imperiled, that was all. Denver was voting on a new charter, the reform element in the city had injected into the instrument provisions that interfered with the loot of the companies controlling the public utilities, and these companies, for the sake of the loot, undertook to beat reform. Hence between ten and twelve thousand fraudulent votes were cast against the charter, and experienced observers declared that not even in Philadelphia could the thing have been done more effectively or more audaciously. The vote-brokers carried out their contract and defeated the charter, and the looting companies retained their fat profits. At the November election of that year no corporate interest was particularly involved, and the number of fraudulent votes fell to fewer than four thousand. To keep his hand in and for personal reasons, one of the brokers cast six hundred fraudulent votes in one precinct; but this was regarded as a pleasantry and not strictly pertaining to business.

In the spring of 1904 the first mayoralty election of Greater Denver came, and the corporations bestirred themselves. They picked the Democratic candidate as likeliest to be useful to them, and arranged with the

vote-brokers for between seven and eight thousand fraudulent votes, which elected their man. The reform candidate filed a protest and threatened an exposure, but the men that controlled the corporations involved knew how to forestall any trouble of that kind. They went to the syndicate that operates the gambling-houses in Denver and compelled it to pay eleven thousand dollars to the managers of the reform campaign. Whereupon the contest was dropped, and the corporation candidate, elected by eight thousand fraudulent votes bought on contract by the corporations, took his seat unopposed.

At the election for governor, in 1904, between three and four thousand fraudulent votes were cast in Denver, and at the spring municipal election of 1906 between fifteen hundred and two thousand. These were cast by the public-utility corporations. The methods usually employed are copied from the most advanced system in Philadelphia. There is no colonization. The registration lists are padded with fictitious names. On election day the clerks stuff the boxes with ballots in accordance with the number of fictitious names, which are then checked on the list.

In Milwaukee, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and Chicago & Northwestern railroads work the fraudulent-voting business on a method of their own. Whenever they have an interest involved in a pending election they bring in train-loads of foreign laborers from places along their lines and vote them in squads. These are the railroads that beat Senator La Follette in the Wisconsin primaries of 1906 and had at least their full share in the organized railroad corruption that has rotted the politics of so many Western states.

In Louisville, Kentucky, also, the business seems to have been highly specialized. According to the testimony adduced in the legal contest that ensued, the election of 1905 was a joyous carnival of crime. The vested interests, long entrenched in power, were threatened by a movement of outraged citizens. Whereupon the interests protected themselves and retained their power by the following methods: In precincts where the citizens' movement was strong the interests stole and destroyed all the opposition ballots, so that none were counted in these precincts. In many precincts election clerks in the pay of the interests carried off

the ballot-boxes to secret places, stuffed them full of fraudulent ballots, and returned enormous pluralities in favor of the interests. In other precincts men pretending to represent the citizens appeared with forged credentials as election officers and watchers. When the real representatives of the citizens' movement came, the police threw them out of the polling-places. Throughout the city the police worked on the side of the interests, intimidating, assaulting, and arresting members of the citizens' movement. In many precincts armed guards in the pay of the interests took possession of the polls, the police refusing to interfere or to make any arrests for illegal voting. Many thousand men that voted for the interests were registered from vacant lots, empty houses, saloons, dives, and places that had no existence, and gangs of these men went about the city, voting again and again. Any citizen that ventured to protest was beaten first and arrested afterward. One incident that seems not without a suggestion of cynic humor was that when a ballot-box in the Twelfth Ward was opened by order of the court it was found that apparently the residents in that precinct had voted alphabetically, from A to Z and then beginning again.

In Buffalo, at the October, 1906, primaries, men were deprived by election officers of their votes because they were told that they were not on the lists or were registered in other precincts when such was not the fact.

In Maryland it is estimated that about one-third of the voters are annually disfranchised by tricks and devices worked by the election officers.

Fraud and intimidation rioted in Cincinnati at the election of 1906. I give one illustration that must be sweet news to the good citizens reposing airy confidence in the secret ballot and the goodness of everything: In Precinct D, Sixth Ward, a ballot was stolen early in the day. It was marked for the candidates supported by the vote-brokers and given to a floater, who, going into the polling-place, received from the election clerk another ballot. The first or marked ballot he deposited in the ballot-box; the second he delivered unmarked to the brokers outside, who paid him his money. The unmarked ballot was thereupon marked for the brokers' candidates and delivered to a second floater. He went

into the polling-place, received another ballot, voted the first and returned the second to the brokers. Every man that emerged from the polling-place with a clean ballot received one dollar. In this way an endless chain was established and worked faultlessly all day, and the brokers knew beyond peradventure that every vote they paid for had been delivered.

In Indiana, last year, the leaders of both parties revolted against the corruption that had for years stained the name of the state and entered into an agreement that they would not buy votes nor countenance any illegal election practices. As a result Indiana had the purest and fairest election it has known in more than thirty years. In Trenton, New Jersey, where the shameless and wholesale corruption had brought about a popular uprising, the Democrats entered into a similar undertaking, but the Republicans refused to be bound by it. Nevertheless the bulk of election crime was sensibly diminished. It is to be noted that in Indiana the election had no particular concern for the corporations, and that any election is likely to be clean when they keep out of it.

One curious fact, well worth pondering, has forced itself upon the attention, I dare say, of every person that has ever investigated this subject. The trail of the actual work of fraud at the ballot-boxes invariably leads from the public-utility corporations to the haunts of crime, the gambling-houses, the pool-rooms, and the other vicious resorts. In most of our

large cities vice has been syndicated, and the syndicates have found it profitable to combine vote-brokerage with prostitution or dive-keeping. Thus the head of the vote-brokerage business in Philadelphia is the principal backer of the gambling-houses; the head operator in New York has made millions from pool-rooms, brothels, and de-

praved theaters; the man that for years and years ruled Cincinnati through fraudulent votes, owns half of the disreputable quarter of the city; universally gambling- and disorderly-houses appear on the lists as the homes of colonizers, floaters, and repeaters. Eminent gentlemen whose dividends and public-utility franchises fare exceedingly well because of these alliances may not care to inquire too nicely concerning the means by which their special privileges are secured; but if they desire to know I can assure them that these are the facts. And if Mr. Rockefeller's millions are tainted some other millions I know of are putrid, being redolent of some of the vilest spots and vilest deeds known upon



THE PHOENIX LODGING-HOUSE, BOWERY, NEW YORK. FORTY-EIGHT CASES OF ILLEGAL REGISTRATION WERE DISCOVERED IN THIS HOUSE IN THE ELECTION OF 1907

this earth. For the same persons that are brokers of votes are also brokers of men's honesty and brokers of women's souls.

This is the system. And now what? While with a cynical and half-amused tolerance we have been viewing these crimes this sinister, repulsive, menacing alliance has thus strengthened its hold upon us and our affairs. Here then is the plain question it thrusts relentlessly upon us,

Without free elections how can there be free government?



How Red Dog Came to the Rescue

A New "Wolfville" Story

By Alfred Henry Lewis

Illustrated by W. Herbert Dunton



THIS yere," observed the Old Cattleman impressively, "is an occasion when Red Dog, as a yoonit, scornin' the narrow sperit of commoonal rivalry, triumphin' over prejewdices still more narrow, flocks at the call of hooman-ity to the Wolfville rescOO. Which it's one of them grand cepisodes that redeems a gent's dwindlin' faith in his kind, an' teaches him, with that wise old longhorn who writ the drammys, how a tech of nacher makes the whole world kin. To be shore, as the final kyards comes slippin' from the box, we never does need Red Dog's aid at all; none whatever. But that mustn't serve to shift the play. Red Dog takes her p'sition, what Doc Peets calls 'boney fides,' an' you-all can gamble your guns, an' throw in belt an' cartridges for lanniyap, Wolfville yields that hamlet grateful credit.

"The beginnin' is one evenin' when a passel of us is hibernatin' about the Red Light, playin' a little bank ag'inst Cherokee, more as a excoose for livin' than from any lust of gain. While we're thus dawdlin'

along, Peets drifts up from the post-office, with a letter for Texas Thompson.

"Looks like some lady's openin' a correspondence with you, Texas,' he says, tossin' the missive on the lay-out.

"Thar it is, as plain as paint, in fine ha'r-line writin', 'John Thompson, Esq., Wolfville, Arizona.' Right yere let me cut in with the p'inter that, while Texas is Texas to us, his legit'mate brand is 'John.'

"When the letter hits the cloth, Texas draws'back same as if it's a rattlesnake. Thar befalls a silence, doorin' which Cherokee turns his box up, showin' play for the nonce has ceased.

"At last, Texas gets his voice. 'It's shore she-writin',' says he, kind o' gulpin'. 'Gents, I savvys by the feelin' that I'm up ag'inst the awful. It's as though that envelope harbors a t'rant'ler! You open her, Doc,' he says appealin'ly to Peets.

"While we-all sets back in suspense, Peets t'ars the letter open, an' reads as follows as near as I recalls:

Dallas, Joone 6.

'Deer husband: How can you be so croodel? Thar's no use of you longer hidin' out; I gets your present wharabouts straight, from a sure

source who sees you face to face. Oh, that it should be granted a miscreent sech as you to break a heart like mine! Unless I hears from you in a fortnight after you receives this commonication, I'll shore come where you be in person.

'From your illyoosed but devoted wife,
'J. Thompson.'

"While Peets is readin', Texas sets thar never battin' an eye nor waggin' a y'ear. He don't speak for more'n a minute; it's as if he's planet-struck. At last he begins whisperin' to himself.

"'Illyoosed wife, J. Thompson!' he says. 'An' my old-time wife's name is Jane!'

"Cherokee picks up the letter. Then, tryin' to hand Texas some encouragement, he reemarks:

"'This yere's spoorious! It's from Dallas; Texas's former wife has her home camp in Laredo.'

"'Not necessar'ly,' returns Texas, his voice thick an' husky, an' him makin' a motion with his hand same as if he's wavin' aside false hopes; 'not necessar'ly, Cherokee. It 'u'd be about her style to go troopin' off to Dallas that a-way, as more fashionable.'

"'Which I don't see no room for argyooment,' breaks in Enright. 'Thar's the handwrite, Texas. Cast your optics onto it, an' see if it's genyooine. You shorely knows the lady's signachoor.'

"'Which I wouldn't bet a chip on me knowin' nothin'!' exclaims Texas, his feachooors workin' desp'rate. 'Me an' she never carries on no voloom'nous correspondence. I couldn't tell her handwritin' from quail-tracks. But thar's a sensation yere, gents'—an' Texas thumps his breast—'like a icicle through my heart, which tells me said missive's on the level.'

"'But I don't savvy!' returns Enright, waxin' argyoomentative. 'You regales us freequent with alloosions to a divorce. This yere correspondent incrim'nates you as her lawful husband.'

"'Jest the same,' protests Texas, 'she gets that divorce all right, an' is reestored to her maiden name an' all my cattle. She auctions off the bovines, an' wins out sev'ral bags of doubloons, onder the pretext of alimony. I ain't on to this present racket any more'n you be, Sam; but it's obv'ous she's got some new trick up her sleeve.'

"'Mebby,' says Boggs, 'this yere lady's gone broke ag'inst feathers an' furbelows, an' she's out to bushwhack round an' extort more riches out of Texas.'

"'I trusts it ain't no worse,' groans

Texas. 'Still, it 'u'd be more her size, on findin' me free an' havin' a good time, to rope me up an' drag me back into them marital bonds.' Then, castin' a implorin' glance at Enright: 'You'll stand by me, Sam—you an' the boys? You won't let me be took without a effort?'

"'If it was ag'inst men, yes,' returns Enright, whose sympathies nacherally is all worked up; 'an' though they comes a armed host. But however, Texas, be we goin' to shield you from a lady? Which the mere thought leaves me weak as water.'

"'That settles it,' says Texas, whose cheek while Enright talks turns pale as paper. 'Thar's no hope, then! Gents, I forgives both my friends an' my enemies, an' accepts all blame to myse'f. Moreover, I has my refooge. Soocide is still within my reach, an' no sport who owns a Colt's 45 can be regyarded as without a friend. In matrimony, as in fightin' Injuns, the word should ever be, "Save your last shot for yourse'f."'

"'Texas,' Peets breaks forth, plumb enraged, 'you talks like a prattlin' child. Let's meet this involvement clean-strain. Why not face that sooperfluous spouse, an' remind her you're a free, divorced, American citizen?'

"'Doc,' replies Texas, impatient an' queryoolous, 'sech bluffs is puerile. You ain't got no conception of this lady. If she decides to reclaim me, that Laredo divorce won't hold her more'n a cobweb would a cow. You knows Abilene's wife?'—Peets begins to twitch some about the mouth, an' look faded an' oneasy—'Abilene's wife is cup-custard an' charlotte roose to this yere one-time he'pmete of mine.'

"Enright sighs. 'Doc,' he says, shakin' his gray, sagacious head, 'this 'lustrates what I tells you t'other evenin'. We're too much civilized. The male of our species lapses into a handless slave, oncap'ble of his own domestic defense, when he eelim'nates the club from his household economy. Since then he's been plumb powerless to preeserve the fam'ly peace.'

"'None the less,' retorts Peets, 'it befits us, as sports of sperit, to consider ways for Texas's succor. I for one shall not surrender him without a struggle. This yere's no child's play; I fears we're up ag'inst the prop'sition of our c'reers. For all that, we mustn't weaken.'

"By this, havin' recovered a little from

How Red Dog Came to the Rescue

the first nerve-stampede indooed by Texas's peril, we-all falls to a discussion of what's best to be done. At the outset, Texas raises his hand to be heard.

"Gents," says he, "let me onbosom myse'f on one more p'int. You may deem me reecreant, but, onder no circumstances, will I meet this lady in j'int debate, or submit to be drug into her presence personal. With this single hold-out, you-all are free to go ransackin' about in my destinies with the bridle off, workin' your friendly an' on-fettered wills."

"Thar's a heap of talk. One after the other, Enright an' Peets an' Boggs an' Cherokee an' Tutt an' Jack Moore an' the rest gets down their verbal stacks. At the finish, Peets sums up results.

"It seems the consensus," says he, "that mendacity's to be our buckler, concealment our single hope, an' Texas yere has got to go into hidin'. Which conclooosion bein' arrived at, the next an' nacheral query is, Wherever is he to hide at? Wolfville won't do, bein' much too obv'ous. Moreover, accordin' to Texas, she's equal to puttin' a torch to the camp an' burnin' it to the ground. I submits Tucson as a place of temporary retirement for our hunted comrade."

"Which Tucson won't do neither," observes Enright. "If Texas goes to lurkin' about that closely gyarded metropolis surreptitious, an' nothin' to explain them furtivities, they'd jest about rope him up for a hoss-thief, or mebbly allow he's organizin' to turn off the national bank. Gents, the thought is barbed, but for myse'f I sees nothin' for it except Red Dog. They're our enemies; but likewise, in their loocid intervals, they're hooman bein's. If the naked horrors of this yere sityooation is laid bar' to 'em, they're bound, if they retain the name of men, to offer Texas a asylum."

"But, Sam," says Peets, "Texas, as you seems to ree'lize, can't go burrowin' in among them Red Dog folks without no prior word. Now whoever's goin' to chip in that word?"

"That's up to you an' me, Doc," returns Enright. "We must bring over the Red Dog chief for a powwow heart to heart."

"While Wolfville an' Red Dog is commonly hostile an' on the perren'yal outs, thar's occasions, sech as Injuns, or us runnin' low as to lick an' the freighters not in on time, when we-all lends each other fra-

ternal countenance. Tharfore the Red Dog chief makes no haughty demurs to a confrence. He obligin'ly canters over instanter, with Boggs an' Cherokee, who's been sent to fetch him, as a escort of honor, an' all mighty partic'lar an' p'lite.

"As the Red Dog chief swings out o' the saddle at the Red Light, he's certainly a fash'onable-lookin' spectacle. His saddle—stamped leather—is gold trimmed, his spurs wrought steel, his guns pearl mounted, while about his sombrero is looped a pound of bullion in the shape of a rooby-eyed rattlesnake with diamond rattles. Also, on his bridle-rein hangs five Apache skelps; an', considerin' that sech mementos is worth twenty-five dollars per topknot at the Tucson bank, an' goes as so much cash in transactions involvin' lickor or faro-bank or roolette in any j'int in town, we-all nacherally regyards 'em as comprisin' a mighty lib'ral adornment. Altogether, as that Red Dog magnate comes jinglin' up to the Red Light bar, an' Black Jack hands him out a bottle of the best, he's a pageant to do any outfit proud.

"Followin' a mootial round of drinks, Enright an' Peets, with the balance of us mootely backin' the play, imparts what clouds is lowerin' over Texas.

"An' our idee," concloods Enright, p'intin' to where pore Texas is camped off by himse'f, silent an' hopeless that a-way, 'is that most likely you-all gents of Red Dog'll offer him a haven. The lady, who is doo in a week or so, will not, I take it, stay forever. Penden' her pullin' her freight, an' doorin' her stay, would you-all, as a favor to yoonited Wolfville, afford the foogitive a sanctchoary?"

"Which the ready promptitood wharwith the Red Dog chief acquiesces, is a heap to his credit.

"Shore," he says; "Mister Thompson is not only free of my own personal wickiup, but I shall tend him as a honored guest. He can go thar onder cover, an' none to molest him or make him afraid. No one'll so much as even think of lookin' cock-eyed in his direction. Thar is, however, one su'gestion."

"Yere the Red Dog chief explains how, as to the mootial dooties of husband an' wife, public sent'ment in his camp is some divided.

"There is, however, other questions," he goes on, "concernin' which all hands hangs



"NOT TO GO HOLDIN' OUT THE TROOTH, SHE'S THAT BEAUTIFUL IT'S REEDIC'LOUS--
WITH BIG DEEP EYES AN' SOFT HA'R, BROWN AN' GLOSSY "

How Red Dog Came to the Rescue

together like a brace of six-shooters on a single belt. Considerin' the peccoliar bent of the gen'ral Red Dog mind, tharfore, an' to avoid ferment, I recommends that, instead of handin' it out how Mister Thompson is pursooed by a wife from whom he's escaped, it would be a heap more feasible to let on he's a foogitive from jestic. Dodgin' all problems of domesticity, an' puttin' it on the broad grounds of him bein' merely a malefactor whom they're trying to ketch, you'll shore have Red Dog with you like a landslide.'

"Which your observations,' returns Enright, 'seems plenty pertinent, an' founded in a heap of hoss-sense. It only remains to ask what partic'lar felony's most apt to awaken a responsive chord in the Red Dog bosom?'

"If you leaves it to me,' counsels the Red Dog chief, 'I'd onloose the roomer he's bumped off a Mexican. It can be hinted how effete Eastern infloences has done crept in among the Texas public, an' taught 'em to view beefin' Mexicans intolerant.'

"But won't their s'spicious begin to set up,' asks Peets, 'when they notes it's a lady? We shore can't hope none to pass off one of her tender sex as a officer of jestic.'

"Which we'll p'int to her bein' a lady that a-way,' replies the Red Dog chief, 'as a sooperb instance of Lone Star chicane. We'll explain on the sly how she aims, after locatin' her quarry, to sign up the folks at Austin for aid; followin' which they figger on prouncin' on Mister Thompson like coyotes on some sleepin' cottontail.'

"The objects of the meetin' bein' thus happily disposed of, the Red Dog chief takes to reelaxin' round with Enright, Peets, an' the outfit gen'ral, consoomin' nose-paint an' becomin' fraternal equal. Texas is brought for'ard an' introdooced; but he's that dazed an' cowed, when he receives them overchoors of safety tendered by the Red Dog chief, Enright's driven to 'pologize.

"Which you wouldn't know him,' says Enright, alloodin' to Texas, an' whisperin' in the Red Dog chief's year, 'he's so dejected an' overcome, since ever he gets that fatal missive. You-all sees how onstrung he is, an' crippled down in heart? An' yet, pard, I don't exaggerate when I informs you he could go in, bar'handed, an' kill his weight in wolves.'

"The Red Dog chief accepts these expla-

nations in a complaisant mood, an' allows he fully understands.

"For,' says he, 'while I never has no shore-enough wife of my own, I knows gents who has, an' likewise possesses powers of appreciation.'

"Followin' a mod'rate an' mighty ceremonial deebauch, the Red Dog chief rides away to his tribe ag'in, and Wolfville bends its brows to details. She'll shore descend on us by means of the stage, we argues, an' it's agreed that Old Monte, on the run in, is to make a smoke on the mesa at the mouth of the canyon, whenever he's got her aboard. That'll give the camp ample notice, an' Texas can cross to Red Dog an' go into seclusion. By way of preparin', the very next day a beacon of pitch-pine knots is heaped up on said eminence, ready for the warnin' match.

"Old Monte is puffed up egreigious when he learns. 'An' you bet you can rely on me, gents,' he says, sort o' bulgin' out his chest. 'Your Uncle Monte never fails a friend or lays down on a play.'

"This yere's all right as a bluff, still we-all don't put so much confidence in the old dipsomaniac but what we posts the eboulient young sport who's jest then tryin' to get killed by hold-ups, ridin' shotgun for the Wells-Fargo people, to himse'f set fire to our mesa signal, in case old Monte's too far gone in drink.

"When all's said, however, it ain't beacon fires, nor yet Old Monte soaked of lick, that gives us most onease. Thar's Missis Rucker, an' Tucson Jennie, an' Faro Nell—them ladies has got to be squar'd.

"Thar's no other way, Doc,' declar's Enright; 'we've got to take 'em in on this. Which if we-all don't, with that ardor an' genius for bein' permiscus, that is sech a alloorin' trait of the sex, they'll jest about side with this yere destroyin' angel, an' tell her whar pore Texas is.'

"They wouldn't be that treach'rous!' expostchoolates Peets.

"Not ord'narily,' says Enright. 'But yere the complainin' witness'll be a fellow lady. Under sech circumstances, Doc, you couldn't put a bet on 'em. Our best hold is to side-line 'em with promises, an' hobble 'em with compacts of nootrality, in advance.'

"It takes no end of talk to bring them ladies into line, an' Missis Rucker holds out speshul. She allows she ain't none convinced but what Texas has done wrong.

"'Thar's a freeddom'nant streak of villainy,' says Missis Rucker, 'in all men, an' it'll be plenty queer if Texas Thompson proves a exception to the roole.'

"'An' yet, my good madam,' reemonstrates Enright, 'it's to one side of your womanly dooties, which is to conduct the O. K. Restauraw in your present admir'ble style. Thar's a adage, "Let every gent kill his own snakes"; an' the same applies to ladies.'

"'In which case,' retorts Missis Rucker, mighty tart, 'whyever be you an' Peets an' the rest of these he-malcontents interferin' to hide Texas from this deserted lady's search?' Then, seein' how nonplused Enright looks, she adds, 'However, as you perhaps jestly reemarks, my business is runnin' restauraws, not healin' family breaches; so, if I can an' for this once, I'll stand paws off.'

"Throughout the followin' two weeks, the pop'lar strain is frightful. Along toward the end, when it's nearin' the hour for the stage to show up, the entire camp takes to scannin' that mesa over to the north for signals. One evenin' thar she is, towerin' aloft like the pillar of fire by night an' cloud by day to which the Scriptchoors alloods. At the earliest smoke-puff, Texas is in the saddle an' off to place himse'f in the hands of the Red Dog chief as a sacred trust.

"'Boys,' says Enright, who's deeply moved, 'we ought never to forget the obligation which Red Dog this day puts us onder.'

"The stage comes rumblin' in, but none of us is hankerin' 'round; for we decides it's more sapient to act like we ain't expectin' nothin'. Still, we gets a flash at the lady with the tails of our eyes as she steps out, an' as near as we can count her up she's some person'ble. Old Monte confirms this yere belief.

"'Gents, she's a seraph,' he says; 'that's whatever, she's a seraph. An' sweet? Which honeysuckles is p'isin ivy to her.'

"No one feels bound by Old Monte's commendation, him bein' that steeped in rum perpetchoal he's devoid of jedgment. Peets, however, who makes a excoose for loafin' over to the O. K. parlor whar she's gone, comes teeterin' back almost as enthoosiastic as Old Monte.

"'It baffles me,' exclaims Peets, 'to guess whatever Texas is thinkin' of when he quits.'

"'Her lookin' like a hooman sunbeam, Doc,' urges Enright, 'is mebbly her dooplicity. You let her once get her claws on

pore Texas, an' I'll gamble she comes out in her true colors. Did you-all enter into con-fab with her?'

"'Why, yes,' returns Peets, turnin' shamed an' diffident. 'She asks do I know a Mister Thompson; whareat I flies to fiction, an' lets on I'm a stranger in a strange land, same as her. In the end I advises her to talk to you. To be frank, Sam'—an' yere Peets adopts looks that would disgrace a sheep—'I comes acrost right now at her requests, to ask you won't you appear an' answer queries.'

"'Doc,' says Enright, a heap reproachful, 'do you-all call this bein' loyal? However, let it go as it lays; I shall confer with this lady. Forchoonate it is for the hunted Texas that thar's one soul in camp who's not to be blandished by no siren.'

"Enright ain't allowed to face them dangers alone, for Peets an' Boggs goes trackin' along at his intrepid heels. The lady is all Old Monte hints at. Not to go holdin' out the trooth, she's that beautiful it's reedie'lous—with big deep eyes an' soft ha'r, brown an' glossy. Thar's tears on her cheeks, too, as she turns to Enright; an' while he braces himse'f I sees he's shook.

"'Parding me,' says the lady, 'I'm Missis Thompson—Missis Joolia Thompson.'

"Enright roves 'round to Peets with his eye. 'Excuse me, madam,' he exclaims a heap abrupt, 'I'll be with you ag'in in a moment.'

"The lady seems s'prised, like she ain't none convinced, but Enright is locoed. However, she bows same as to say, 'Why, shore!'

"Enright drags Peets—who, as I says, is hangin' on to his r'ar—into the street.

"'Doc,' whispers Enright, 'you notes how she declar's herse'f as Joolia an' not Jane?'

"'Not bein' deaf as adders,' returns Peets, 'I does.'

"'Whatever is your deductions tharfrom?' asks Enright. 'An' remember, this yere ain't no time fav'able for errors.'

"'In which last I'm in hearty accord,' says Peets. 'Jest the same, Sam, it's plain thar's been a misdeal. This lady ain't scoutin' for Texas nohow; she's layin' for some other Thompson.'

"Enright, who's plumb conserv'tive, an' no one to go followin' off every wagon-track he cuts, sort o' hes'tates. 'Mebby,' he says, 'her handin' us out "Joolia" is a dee-

How Red Dog Came to the Rescue

vice. We must proceed with caution, Doc; we mustn't be betrayed into furnishin' the means of her capchoorin' Texas on the very nest.'

"That's troo," chimes in Peets, who grows doobious ag'in. 'Texas is shore the only member of the tribe of Thompson who ever makes a moccasin track yereabouts. "Joolia" may be but a trap. Yes, the more I dwells on it the more I feels she's after Texas.'

"After Texas?" breaks in Missis Rucker, who with Tucson Jennie an' Faro Nell, an' all in states of excitement, refooses longer to be restrained; 'to be shore she's after Texas. Also, I insists on bein' took in on this yere talk.'

"Why, certain, madam," returns Enright, who makes a play at seemin' easy, but succeeds only in bein' feeble a whole lot—'why, certain. The Doc an' me is jest on the verge of goin' projectin' round to get your 'pinions, warn't we, Doc?"

"To be shore you be," retorts Missis Rucker, a heap sneerin' and spiteful. 'Which I'll about save you two numskulls the trip. My 'pinions is that Texas Thompson's statements, about his wife's name bein' Jane, is one of that reptile's m'licious falsehoods. Havin' deserted this innocent girl, he now takes to lyin' an' layin' it all to her. Oh, the perf'dy of man! Which I sees "wretch" writ on the countenance of that Texas Thompson the instant he pulls a cha'r up to my dinner-table. Jen'—yere she pulls Tucson Jennie for'ard—is workin' in my kitchen at the time, an' when I comes out for them viands he desires, I says, "Jen, if ever a born crim'nal asks for flapjacks, he's in the dinin'-room right now!" Don't I utter them precise words, Jen?"

"Which, Missis Rucker, you ashoredly does," replies Tucson Jennie, coincidin' emphatic.

"Tucson Jennie then wanders off into copious endorsements of all Missis Rucker says, an' all she's goin' to say, while Faro Nell, who's in rapchoors over the visitin' lady's bonnet, expresses herse'f sim'lar.

"No one not a born angel," says Faro Nell, wavin' her little paws ecstatic, 'could possess sech heavenly tastes in hats!"

"Then Missis Rucker fetches loose ag'in plumb passionate an' vindictive.

"Sam Enright," she shouts, 'don't you monsters presume to ask my he'p, in your ornery plots to martyrize this child no

further. I'm goin' to tell her whar that miserable Texas is.'

"That's whatever!" screams Tucson Jennie an' Faro Nell in chorus. 'Let's all tell her!'

"Dan," whispers Enright, as Missis Rucker and the other two goes p'intin' in to make them disclosures, 'sharp's the word! Pitch a hull onto a pony, quick, an' go tell Texas to make a dash for the Mexico line. It's his last hope.'

"It certainly seems as if Missis Rucker owns powers of divination, for, as Enright gives this command, she falls to the r'ar so as to bring all of 'em under her eye.

"None of your Apache tricks, Sam Enright," she reemarks, as hard an' brittle as the blade of a bowie; 'Dan Boggs ain't goin' to give no warnin's. Now, you three tarrapins mosey on ahead, where I keeps tab on you.'

"But you'll let me ask this yere lady about that divorce?" expostchoolates Enright. 'It's bloo chips to clam-shells she's in wrong. Mebbe Texas ain't the Thompson she's hungerin' for at all.'

"Not one word, Sam Enright," retorts Missis Rucker, firm as granite. 'You an' your fellow inquis'itor, Doc Peets, thar, ain't goin' to torture this bleedin' dove none whatever.'

"Enright casts a disparin' glance acrost to the Red Light, from which ark of safety Cherokee an' Tutt an' Jack Moore is gazin' horror-stricken. They can't hear none; but they're cunnin' enough from the looks of things not to want in on the hand. Enright seeks to cajole 'em over by beckonin' with his fingers; but they proves a heap too foxy, an' stands pat.

"It's no avail," says Missis Rucker, 'you makin' signs to them confed'rates of yours. Which you sots will find, before I'm done, that Texas Thompson ain't goin' to lay waste no young life, an' then coldly escape meetin' the injured victim of his wiles. From now on, I takes personal charge of this reyonion.'

"Doc," says Enright, as the two, with Boggs, marches he'plessly ahead of Missis Rucker, 'at least it's Texas who marries this yere wife of his, not us. He should have remembered that as you sow so shall you-all reap.'

"Missis Rucker close-herds her captives back into the O. K. House, while Tucson Jennie an' Faro Nell goes an' comes on the

flanks, preventin' stragglin' an' cuttin' off escape. It's yere the onexpected gets action. As Missis Rucker an' the others enters the door, thar's little Enright Peets, lispin' and chirpin' away at the vis'tor lady, as pert an' sassy as a joovenile jaybird. His two short cub-b'ar laigs is spread wide, an' he's rockin' for'ards an' back on his fat small feet, like a infant party who's plumb pleased with his p'sition.

"Oh!" he's sayin' in his baby way—which he's six the round-up before—"oh! you-all means my Uncle Tommy. Uncle Tommy's gone skallyhootin' over to Red Dog, so's you won't ketch him none. My paw's Dave Tutt, an' he tells my maw all about it. I hears him on'y las' night, when they-all allows I'm asleep. You bet I savvys when not to sleep, as well as any wolf who ever yelps on a hill—I does!"

"Oh, you good, dear, cunnin' little boy, you!" says the victim lady, curryin' little Enright Peets's ha'r with her fingers soft as silk.

"Sam," says Peets, desp'rately, comin' to the front, "our hands is tipped off an' it ain't no use to play 'em. It's my notion all is up with Texas, an' we might as well go to the diskyard. What do you think yourse'f?"

"Mebby we makes terms," urges Enright, who by nacher is a badger to hang on, an' swing an' rattle with a prop'sition to the last. "S'ppose you-all offer her money, Doc. Which if a handful of thousands'll squar' this thing, tell her the camp is yere with its roll to make good."

"Money!" exclaims the beautiful victim, who corrals the word while wildly caressin' little Enright Peets; "me take money for my desolate heart! I wants my trooant husband." With this, she slumps off into a gale of sobs, carryin' Missis Rucker with Faro Nell and Tucson Jennie along.

"Thar's nothin' else to be done, so we organizes a sorrowful cavalcade to journey over to Red Dog an' witness the ropin' up of Texas. Enright is 'speshully gloomy, an' makes onavailin' requests of Missis Rucker to let him go weavin' on ahead.

"I gives you my honor, my dear madam," he says, "that all I plans is to get Texas's guns. You-all, with your womanly heart, don't want this yere to end in his se'f-destruction?"

"You take a back seat, Sam Enright!" is all he gets from Missis Rucker, who every moment grows more an' more indom'table. "Which I'm floor-managin' this *baile*."

"Well, well!"—the old gentleman gave a sigh of relief, and proceeded to load his brier-root—"it's always darkest jest before the dawn. Also, in the words of the Congo reviv'list, as he tries to quote the poet at the camp-meetin', 'God moves in a myster'ous way his wonders to perform.' It's while affairs is thus lookin' cloudiest for Texas, that eevents in their courses strikes the onforeseen. Two months preev'ous, a weak-faced, slack-lipped feebleist, who gives his name as Dobbs, drifts into Wolfville; an' because he appears oncap'ble, an' of no consequence in this life, we-all takes a hard forbiddin' look at him. Wharupon, bein' plumb timorous, he shrinks from among us, an' backs into Red Dog, said outfit bein' apparently off its gyard. Thar, by the grace of accident, he becomes cashier in a beanery called the Garfield Restauraw, kept by one Pete Bland, where he makes change an' sorts nickels for his chuck.

"Thar's nothin' of the man to this slack-lipped party, an' his most pronounced attribute is a shock head of curly ha'r, long enough an' voloom'nously thick enough to afford nests for forty flyin' squirrels. This yere car'cachoor of a gent is behind his desk in Bland's bean-j'int when we-all comes sadly troopin' up Red Dog's single street. Likewise his bein' thar is shorely onder the public-welfare clause of the Constitution, so far as Texas is involved. The instant our beautiful vis'tin' lady claps her tear-dimmed eyes on him, she gives one heartfelt squawk, t'ars loose from the protectin' pinion of Missis Rucker, an' the next moment grapevines herse'f about his neck.

"My beloved husband!" she cries, her head on his shoulder, him standin' stock-still with eyes like a mackerel's.

"Peets is first to find his mental feet—which Peets is shore the briskest sharp west of the Atlantic ocean. 'Go!' says he to Boggs; 'b'ar the gladsome news to Texas!'

"Which nacherally confoosion reigns. The Red Dog chief, however, is all urban'ty, an' draws Enright to one side.

"Thar's nothin' this chipmunk commits," says he, tossin' his thumb toward the capchoored husband, "which onder Red Dog rooles requires lynchin'. None the less, an' by way of compliment to you-all Wolfville guests of ours, if you says the word we hangs him up."

"But Enright declar's sech moves on-necessary, no p'int of honor bein' involved.

'Moreover,' observes Enright, 'thar's the feelin's of his wife.'

"Gents," says the capchoored slack-lipped party, when he beholds us glowerin' at him plenty baleful, for we're thinkin' of pore Texas's sufferin's, 'I pleads guilty to bein' this lady's husband; also, I admits I'm wrong when I assoomes a alias. Joolia'll tell you thar's no malignancy in me. I don't smoke or drink or chew tobacco or sw'ar or go cavortin' about after the sex; in all respects I'm a mighty moral man.'

"Which I reckons you be," comments Enright, plumb severe. 'Morality, that a-way, is frequent a question of health, an' you certainly seems much too sickly to be sinful.' Then, addressin' the beautiful vis'tin' lady, who continyoos looped onto her prod'gal husband's neck, 'Is thar aught in favor of this yere maverick?'

"Pore John," she sobs, 'is one of the best of husbands; except he ain't what you might call se'f-supportin' none. Otherwise he's wholly to the good.'

"It's not for me to crit'cise, madam," says Enright, turnin' away. 'This horned toad belongs to you, not me. Only, he

ought to be brought to ree'lize, as the exper'ence of the centuries, that it's a heap sight more important, in this vale of tears, for a gent to make good than be good; which tenet applies with double force to husbands.'

"Never you mind, dearie," whispers Missis Rucker, as she an' Faro Nell an' Tucson Jennie gather about, pettin' an' cossetin' the beautiful vis'tin' lady, 'never you mind! You've got your husband ag'in. I was shore we'd onearth him somehow.'

"No voylence," commands Enright, as Texas arrives with Boggs, the old f'rocious fire in his untamed glance, 'no voylence!'

"Voylence?" repeats Texas, full of bitter scorn at the idee. 'Gents, I'm a artist of revenge. This craven has caused me agony untold; but what then? Shall I down him, an' him a married man? Never! Sech steps would be weakness—blind, witless weakness, not vengeance. No; I shall let him live on as a husband. An', when she embarks for Tucson with him, I'll ride by the side of the coach, not as a gyard, not to keep him from escapin', but for the priv'lege of gloatin'—of solacin' my harassed soul with savage gloats.'



Pride and Conscience

By George Sterling

Author of "A Wine of Wizardry"

CONSIDERING the mystery of pain,
I walked one day, when lo! in rags awry,
Awrench and gnarled, a hunchback shambled by;
Whereat, "In what far certitude of gain
Dost Thou debase Thine image, and disdain
Our hearts that love the beautiful?" asked I.
"Wilt Thou in Thy derision, O Most High!
Like kings of old keep monsters in Thy train?"

Also I said, "The shadows of Thy whole
And dreadful plan are witness of the light,
And strict concern of relativity."
So came, unerring as the sunbeam's flight,
The indignant challenge of mine undersoul,
"Nay! who is straight in God's sight—thou or he?"

The Kingdom of Earth

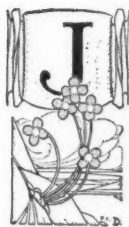
By Anthony Partridge

Illustrated by A. B. Wenzell

SYNOPSIS: John Valentine, Duke of Sayon, is nephew and heir of the old and dissolute King of Bergeland. Chafing under the restraints of his position as crown prince, he takes the name of John Peters and spends much of his time incognito in the various countries of Europe, living the free life of a private citizen and studying the people, in whom he is intensely interested. This man is apparently the victim of a strange misapprehension. Peters is known to all with whom he comes in contact as a man of upright character, unimpeachable morals, and a thoughtful student with a deep and considerate love for humanity, yet for some mysterious reason every capital of Europe is filled with tales of the dissolute folly and excesses of the Crown Prince of Bergeland. At St. Moritz, Peters meets Grace Pellisier, a beautiful and talented American girl, with whom he is much impressed.

The acquaintance is renewed some time later in London where Miss Pellisier, who has gone on the stage, is filling an engagement. Grace discovers the identity of her friend and is quite unable to reconcile her knowledge of him with the reports of his character. The girl belongs to a society composed of people of good social position who, nevertheless, hold radical political views. These people plot to assassinate the crown prince in the interest of society, and Grace quite unwittingly delivers her friend into the hands of the conspirators. The plot miscarries, and the crown prince faces his would-be assassins in a remarkably frank interview. They come to terms, and the prince secures six months' immunity from any attempt upon his life. He returns to Varia, the capital of Bergeland, and tells his story to the king and the chief of police. Both become very uneasy. The king wants him to marry at once; the official is fearful of the growing strength of the Republican party in the kingdom. That night Peters dines at a well-known restaurant with Marie Le Mesurier, a dancer at one of the theaters. He takes the girl back to her apartment, and, leaving her at the door, ascends one flight to another apartment, which he enters. Once within, he puts on a mask. Presently a knock comes at the door. Peters opens it and returns to his seat in front of a writing-table.

XI



JOHN PETERS, his face masked, his body in the shadow, sat in the darkest corner of the dimly lighted room. Facing him, at the farther end of the table, sat three men side by side. On the left was Levitt, editor of the "Republican Times," spectacled, black-bearded, with massive forehead and protruding eyebrows; in the middle, Professor Hoyten, of the Varian University, a milder-looking man, with white beard and hair, delicate features, and the soft eyes of the idealist; and on the right, the man who was universally named as the first president of the new republic, Francis Grammont, a lawyer and a statesman, dark, saturnine, clean-shaven, and one of the most eloquent members of the Bergian Parliament, a member of an ancient family, but a Republican from conviction—a man strong and wise, hated at court, but loved and respected throughout the country.

John Peters was in the act of addressing these three men. "I have sent for you," he said, "because I have had placed before me a full report of the last meeting of the Republican League of Watchers. There seems to be a great deal of discontent. Explain it to me."

"That," Levitt said, "is easily done. The younger members of our party are convinced that the time has come for action. The people throughout the country are in a state of discontent. One hears nothing but murmurs against our wretched government. The king, in his old age, grows more vicious. The crown prince devotes every minute of his time to piling dissipation upon dissipation. Your scheme, sir, for the future government of this country has been met with thunderous applause. Our agents everywhere come in with the same story. The country is ripe for the blow. We cannot hold back the people whom your great proposals have so excited. They demand that the blow shall be struck."

John Peters was silent for a moment. "How do they propose to act?" he asked.

"There is only one way!" Grammont exclaimed, leaning forward in his chair. "All the nations of the world that have won their freedom, have won it at the point of the sword. A blow must be struck. The king and the crown prince must be removed. I am not a bloodthirsty man, but I say that this is a necessity!"

"Have you considered," John Peters asked, "the inevitable consequences of a massacre at the palace? All the countries whose friendship was worth having would at once break off diplomatic relations with us. We should be ostracized by all Europe!"

"Are you sure about that, sir?" Grammont asked. "The assassination of the king and the crown prince would, of course, be wholly unauthorized by the state. We should regret it, and punish the murderers—if they were caught. But in the meantime our new government would be proclaimed in a perfectly constitutional manner. Would anyone think it worth while to interfere with us?"

"You must remember," John Peters said, "that there are at least half a dozen other claimants to the throne. Each of the powers would support one or the other. We should become a plaything for the powers to squabble about."

"What, then, is your proposition, sir?" Grammont asked.

"I maintain," John Peters declared firmly, "that our best and wisest course is to make this change of government a bloodless one. The elections throughout the country are giving us an immense majority. Not even the king can keep Parliament from assembling in a month's time. Within five minutes of its meeting, it can vote in the new government and demand the abdication of the king. I believe that when he realizes the real position of affairs, he will go."

"There would still be the crown prince to be reckoned with," Grammont said thoughtfully. "For all his faults, he is no coward. He would make for the army."

"The prince," John Peters declared, "should do no mischief. I myself would see that he was taken care of for a little time. Remember, my friends, that we are responsible for founding a new chapter in the history of this country. As the pages read, so will our descendants, for generations, bless or curse us. There is one thing, remember, from which a nation can never escape—its past. That is why we at this

moment should be so careful. The blood that is shed to-day makes shameful history for all time."

"I believe," the professor said quietly, "that we are listening to wise words. I declare myself against all deeds of violence, so far as they can possibly be avoided."

"And I also," Grammont agreed, "but I doubt very much whether we can keep control of the people any longer. Only to-day they wrecked the carriage of one of the king's mistresses. The whole square was in their hands, and there was no one to interfere. They will be harder than ever to deal with now."

"The king is an old man," John Peters said. "His murder would alienate all Europe and ruin our cause. I cannot sanction it. I go further: I must forbid it."

There was a short, tense silence. The three men looked at one another in some disquiet. At the head of the table John Peters sat, stern and unbending. Though his face was unseen to them, his very attitude, no less than the ring of authority in his tone, bespoke finality. It was Grammont who seemed chosen to be the spokesman of the three.

"Sir," he said, "within all the limits of reason and possibility, we acknowledge you to be the actual head of the revolutionary party of Bergeland. It was you—or rather your wonderful letters—that first gave weight to our cause, and brought into our ranks many of its most intelligent supporters. The very fact, perhaps, of your anonymity lent, after a time, weight to your carefully considered and always eloquent counsels. I think that you, on your part, will admit that we, too, have kept our share of the agreement. We have never once sought to penetrate the incognito which it has seemed wise to you to assume. We have recognized in you a born leader, and often with the greatest difficulty we have persuaded the general committee to support us in our unswerving obedience to your rule. You will acknowledge this, sir, I trust. You will admit that we have done our best in a very difficult situation."

John Peters inclined his head in stiff assent. "All that you say," he admitted, "is true. What more?"

"Our party," Grammont continued, "has become like a young giant suddenly conscious of his strength. Our numbers are enormous. It seems, indeed, as though

all that is best and noblest in Bergeland has flocked to our standard. Our organization, thanks to you, sir, is perfect. Even we, who have reached the age when reason triumphs over enthusiasms, cannot blind ourselves to the fact that to-day we are the undeclared masters of the country. We are a party, too, ready to strike, ready with our program, ready with our government. Sir, you cannot hold back an avalanche! So far we have been your spokesmen. If you send us back without our mandate, I warn you that we are powerless. What you have created has grown too great for inaction."

John Peters was silent for several moments. He knew truth when he heard it, and the words were ringing in his ears. "It was always my intention," he said, speaking now in a lower tone, "that this change should come about naturally, on the death of the king. He is old and in poor health. The day of his death was to have been our day. What is it that you propose?"

"That we seize the palace," Grammont answered. "Let the king and the crown prince fly, or take their chances. Whatever may come to them they have deserved."

"So far as regards the crown prince," John Peters said slowly, "I might be with you. He is young, let him take his chance. But the king is an old man—too old to fight. If anything happened to him, it might mean ruin to our cause. Remember that the most ambitious monarch of all looks always longingly upon our little kingdom. At an hour's notice, his troops could overrun our country. He wants only an excuse."

"England would never suffer it, or France," Grammont declared.

"Who can tell?" John Peters answered. "A man's sins are forgotten when he has expiated them. No country can easily rise to greatness that stoops first to regicide."

"The risks have all been counted," Grammont said quietly. "The truth is best. We cannot keep our people back any longer. More than half the army is with us. Sir, if you would delay this thing even for a month, you can do it only by declaring yourself and arguing your own cause. We three have been swept off our feet. They will listen no longer to moderate counsels from us."

"That," John Peters said, "I cannot do. Who I am or what I am makes little difference to our cause. But in the name of all that I have done, go back to your committee

and tell them this: I demand that no definite blow be struck against the king until the meeting of Parliament. I claim this as my right."

"You mean to warn him?" the professor asked thoughtfully.

"I do," John Peters answered. "You may tell me that his life is forfeit to the state, and I answer you that he is an old man, and violence against gray hairs has before now set a continent ablaze."

"We will do our best," the professor said slowly. "It is not an easy task that you have set us, but what men can do we will."

There was a brief silence. Then John Peters spoke once more. "A week hence, if all goes well," he said, "we meet here—for the last time, if your words are true. For the present, I think that we have finished."

Levitt rose up. "Sir," he said, "I take the liberty of propounding a certain matter to you."

"Go on, then," John Peters said.

"The future government of this country, sir, has been mapped out," Levitt said, "by you. Every office of state has been allotted to certain men, carefully and soundly chosen. You have shown a knowledge almost miraculous of both the resources of the country and its citizens. And with all that, one asks where, in the future destinies of this country, comes the great brain which has planned its freedom. The names of all the selected ministers are known to us. Yours is not among them. Yours, which should surely head the list, if ever merit and deserts are to count, is wholly absent from it. I speak, sir, not only on my own account, but on behalf of that great people whom your hand has guided to liberty, and I say that you, sir, and no one else, should head that list as president of the new republic!"

"It is God's truth!" the professor declared.

But John Peters shook his head. "My friends," he said, "such a reward is not for me. Believe me, there is no post in the new government which I could fill. I do not seek for such things. I am one of those who look out upon life, and whose eyes, for that reason perhaps, are all the clearer. I am content to do what I believe to be my duty. Listen!"

No need for that last word. All four men were upon their feet. They were trained

The Kingdom of Earth

to alarms, and their actions were almost instinctive. John Peters, with a sweep of his arm, cleared the table of papers which earlier in the evening they had been studying, and with a couple of long strides passed through the inner door into the room beyond. The other three kept their places, except that the professor, with a freshly lighted cigarette in his mouth, strolled over toward the fireplace, and stood with his back to it, as though warming himself. And then a latch-key turned, and the door was opened. Bernhardt stood there, and behind him others. He closed the door, however, and left them outside.

Like lightning his eyes flashed around the room, and his face fell. Once more was he to be disappointed! The professor, Levitt, Grammont—he knew them all so well! They were in his power at any time. But this mysterious leader, was he always to evade him! Then his revolver flashed out suddenly. He threw open the door and called to those outside.

"Quick! Search the place!" he commanded. "Through that door! There are four chairs at the table, and three men here! I will give a thousand francs for that fourth man!"

XII

JOHN PETERS half rose to his feet, and a black frown darkened his face. Bernhardt stood upon the threshold of the door, which he had just opened unannounced.

"What is the meaning of this, Bernhardt?" John Peters asked quickly. "Is anything wrong at the palace? Do you come here for me?"

For a second or two Bernhardt made no reply. He stood just inside the door, which he had carefully closed behind him, and his eyes flashed around the room in silent, intense scrutiny. To all appearances the scene which his coming had interrupted was ordinary enough. Marie had changed her gown for a white negligee robe, fastened at the throat with a jeweled pin, and around the waist with a girdle. Her hair was a little disarranged, the two chairs were very close together. She, too, had turned, and was facing the intruder with flushed face and angry eyes.

"How dare you enter my rooms without permission?" she demanded. "Have you stolen my keys? What does he mean by

it?" she added, turning abruptly toward her companion.

"I do not know," John Peters answered, "but since he is here, he shall tell us. Are you spying on me, sir?"

"No," Bernhardt answered. "To tell you the truth, I did not expect to find you here. I am in search of some one else."

"Of whom, then?" Marie demanded.

Bernhardt did not answer at once. John Peters rose to his feet, and the eyes of the two men met. Bernhardt's gaze was cold, direct, inquiring; John Peters seemed as though he had suddenly remembered his royal estate. He had drawn himself up to his full height, and there was a new hauteur in his tone.

"You would have us believe that your visit is a coincidence, perhaps, Baron," he said. "We are not quite so gullible. You will be so good as to explain your presence here without any further delay."

"I am in search of the Watcher," Bernhardt answered calmly.

"Then for heaven's sake search!" John Peters answered contemptuously. "Lift up the table-cloth, try behind the curtains. There is an inner room there! Never mind asking this young lady's permission. The Watcher is perhaps under her bed."

Bernhardt was weakening. He looked irresolutely around.

"You have been in search of this person for some time, I believe," John Peters said coldly. "Might one inquire why you are prosecuting your inquiries in this direction?"

"You will doubtless be surprised to hear," Bernhardt said, "that a meeting of the committee over which the Watcher presides has been held in this building to-night."

John Peters shrugged his shoulders. "In this building!" he repeated. "Well, what of it? Grammont has an apartment here, hasn't he? Did you arrest them all?"

"We have arrested no one," Bernhardt answered. "I know every member of the Committee of Watchers but one. We can arrest them at any time. It is the Watcher himself that I am after."

"Good luck to you!" John Peters said scornfully. "If your attempts to secure him are of the order of your present one, he will go a long time free, I fancy."

"I am not so sure," Bernhardt answered. John Peters smiled. "There is some

method in your madness, then?" he asked, with faint irony.

"Perhaps," Bernhardt answered, and his eyes wandered once more around the room. "You have a clue?" John Peters demanded. "The Watcher has probably learned the secret of making himself invisible, or of flitting through keyholes; in which case he may still be here!"

"I am not sure whether you would call it a clue," Bernhardt answered, "but the man himself was in the apartment over this one a few minutes ago. He has not descended by either the stairs or the elevator. It seemed possible that there might be some means of communication with the apartments immediately below. The others are now being searched."

"Marvelous!" John Peters murmured; "but you do not search. You waste time. There are not many hiding-places here, but you cannot tell. The Watcher must be a desperate man, with you so close to his heels. Take my advice. Look under mademoiselle's bed. She permits you, I am sure."

"But what does he think I am, this man," Marie demanded, "that he should search for men in my apartment?"

"He is a little confused, perhaps, also a little upset," John Peters said, with gentle sarcasm. "To have come so near arresting the Watcher, and then to lose him, must be maddening. We must make allowances for our poor friend. Come, tell me, Baron, don't you mean to arrest the others, then?"

"I do not," Bernhardt answered. "They are of no interest to me. I can put my hand upon them anywhere, at any moment. There is no need for me to risk a rising by arresting them. I want the man whose brain has created and nourished this infernal conspiracy."

"But would not the same argument apply where he is concerned?" John Peters asked. "If the people knew that you had him, would they not rise for him?"

Once more the eyes of the two men met.

"There would be no time," Bernhardt said coldly.

"There are laws in the country," John Peters said.

"Laws can be broken—to save the country," Bernhardt answered. "If I arrest the Watcher to-night, I swear to you that he shall die before morning."

John Peters laughed softly. "You are

in a bloodthirsty frame of mind to-night, my friend," he said. "You speak of things you would not dare to do."

Bernhardt laughed shortly. "Come and see me in the morning," he suggested, "and I will show you things that you will find surprising. You may even condescend to be alarmed."

John Peters yawned. "I doubt it," he remarked. "By the bye, Bernhardt, that is an excellent suggestion of yours—about to-morrow morning. I wish you would go away now. A person of your discrimination may perhaps realize that you are, to say the least, something of an intruder."

"I will go," Bernhardt answered, "but first——"

He crossed the room to the window, and drew aside the curtain. The window was open a few inches.

"You keep your rooms well aired, mademoiselle," he remarked, looking out into the night.

Marie laughed. "Why not?" she answered. "One of my windows is always open."

"Indeed!" Bernhardt remarked. "That is very interesting. Permit me!"

He threw up the window to the top, and leaned out. He remained there for several moments. Then he closed the window, crossed the room quickly, and with the handle of the door in his hand, turned and bowed his adieu.

"My most profound apologies," he said, "and good night!"

But Marie was to see him again. She was awakened in the middle of the night by the sudden flooding of her room with electric light. She sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes. By her side was Bernhardt.

"This is infamous!" she exclaimed angrily. "How dare you come here? How dare you enter my room?"

"Young lady," Bernhardt said sternly, "listen to me. I am chief of the police of this city, and I do as I choose. Don't waste your breath making angry speeches. Listen to me instead. What I have to say is worth hearing."

She looked at him steadfastly. Her eyes were a little frightened, and her breath came quickly. It was an ordeal, this, for her.

"I am going to ask you certain questions," Bernhardt continued. "If you answer them, it is an affair of a diamond bracelet; if you answer them so that I gain

the information I need, it is an affair, also, of a necklace."

Still she said nothing, but her eyes flashed at the mention of the diamonds, and Bernhardt smiled to himself.

"Is the crown prince your friend?"

She shrugged her shoulders scornfully. "You begin foolishly," she said. "All the world knows it."

"All the world believes it," Bernhardt interrupted coolly. "For myself—well, I ask you the question."

"He is," she declared steadily.

Bernhardt never took his eyes off her. She turned away from him a little petulantly.

"How long had the prince been with you this evening, when I appeared?"

"We dined together at the Café Lion d'Or," she answered. "You can go and make inquiries if you like. We came straight here. I think that we arrived about nine. You can ask the concierge."

Bernhardt nodded. "And the prince had not left you between the time of your arrival and the time of my appearance?"

"Assuredly not," Marie answered. "Why should he?"

Bernhardt was silent for a moment. "You received no other visitor?" he asked.

"None!" she replied, with a little toss of the head.

"You have nothing to tell me, then?"

"What should I have? I have answered your questions."

He looked at her critically. "The crown prince has good taste," he remarked. "Diamonds would suit you admirably."

"Do you want me to lie to you for them?" she asked, more at her ease. "If so, tell me what to say, and I will say it."

"No. I want the truth," he answered shortly. "I want, if I can, to save the country. You, I see, are not disposed to help me."

"Tell me what you mean?" she asked.

"I want to arrest the Watcher," he answered. "I will give twenty thousand francs to the person who helps me."

She looked at him with glistening eyes. "You don't really believe," she asked, "that he was near here last night?"

"Twenty thousand francs," he repeated softly. "One could do much with that. And one might save some lives. But the time is short. It must be now or never—now or within, say, the next twenty-four hours."

XIII

"SIR," John Peters said, "we are in a devil of a mess."

The king frowned. He considered his nephew altogether too democratic. "I do not like your phraseology, and I do not agree with your conclusion," he said. "You must have been talking with Bernhardt. That man is crazy. He actually wants me to let off those scoundrels who stopped Mademoiselle Clerteau's carriage in the square yesterday. Let them off! I would shoot them all if I could. What right have the populace to interfere with the amusements of their rulers?"

"It isn't only Bernhardt," John Peters said. "I've been having a look around myself, and I don't like the looks of things at all. I suppose you know the results of the elections up to now?"

"I know that the Republicans have gained a few seats," the king answered. "What of it? We shall have a majority in the end."

"Bet you five to one we don't!" John Peters said, strolling to a table and helping himself to a cigarette. "I know for a fact that when all the returns are in the Republicans, or whatever they call themselves, will have a majority in the House. What about supplies then?"

"I shall dissolve Parliament," the king answered.

"And we," John Peters said, leaning against the mantelpiece, and watching his cigarette smoke curl upward, "shall be in the unfortunate position of a king and a crown prince without a kingdom. There will be a revolution."

The king was angry. He was a fine-looking man still, and the fierce light which blazed in his eyes made him appear many years younger. "Nephew," he said, "I believe you are a coward!"

"I'm rather afraid that I am—in that way," John Peters answered calmly. "I never could shut my eyes to facts. The people hate us. I'm not sure that I wonder at it."

"We will teach them to fear us, then," the king said grimly. "You forget that we hold the whip-hand."

"The whip-hand?" John Peters repeated.

"We have the army," the king said. "General Grobener sent in his report last

night. There are seventy-six hundred men in barracks."

"No earthly use," John Peters declared blithely. "They'd fight an enemy right enough; they wouldn't fight their own people."

"They would fight for their king anywhere," his uncle declared.

"You try 'em," John Peters answered. "The revolutionists have got hold of them. I know what I'm talking about."

"If I believed you," the king said, "I should send a special envoy to Berlin tomorrow."

John Peters smiled. "I do not fancy," he said, "that our august kinsman is very keen on trying to bolster up losing causes; and besides, what about our own people? Would you be content to sit upon a throne which was yours only by the grace of a foreigner?"

"The trouble would pass," the king answered. "The people would come to their senses."

"If you will not be convinced," John Peters said, shrugging his shoulders, "I suppose we must take our chances. I've a fancy they mean to assassinate us."

"I shall decline," the king said, "to lend myself to anything of the sort, and I wish you'd stop talking nonsense, John. If you asked me, I could tell you who is the less popular in the country, you or I. You haven't had the grace to cover up your misdeeds. I have. So long as I live, I believe the country is safe. It is after I am dead that the trouble will commence, especially if you don't mend your ways."

John Peters walked to the window and looked out upon the square. In front of the iron gates sentries were walking up and down; beyond was a press of people passing backward and forward. Was it his fancy, he wondered, or could he even at that distance detect something different in the way they walked, and turned their heads to gaze toward the palace? He turned again to face the king, who was talking to his secretary.

"Bernhardt is outside," his majesty remarked. "Desires an audience. Shall we see him together?"

"By all means," John Peters said. "I should like to hear what he has to say. I should like you to hear it, too."

Bernhardt was ushered in. The two men smiled as they exchanged greetings.

"You two have met before this morning?" the king asked, looking from one to the other.

"Last night, your Majesty," Bernhardt answered, bowing low. "I came across his royal highness last night."

The king nodded grimly. "I won't ask you where it was," he said. "Some disreputable corner of the city, doubtless. Is there any news?"

Bernhardt hesitated for a moment. "There is nothing fresh, your Majesty," he said. "My men surprised a secret meeting of the Watchers last night, but we had no luck."

"You failed again, then?" the king said, frowning.

"We did, your Majesty," Bernhardt answered, "and yet," he added, glancing carelessly for a moment toward John Peters, "I am not sure that it was altogether a failure. If only we had a little more time."

"A little more time! What do you mean?" the king asked hastily.

Bernhardt turned toward him with grave face. "Your Majesty," he answered, "I am exceedingly sorry to report that I fear a general rising of the people will take place within the next few days. It is my duty to warn you of this, and I beg to suggest that you send for General Grobener at once. It is important that we should know exactly what the spirit of the military is at the present moment."

The king's face seemed to harden. He drew himself up to his full height, and his keen, rather small eyes were fixed upon Bernhardt's face. "Are you and my nephew in collusion?" he asked.

Bernhardt shook his head. "Your Majesty," he said, "we are a long way from being in collusion, a very long way indeed."

"Very well," the king said, "we will send for General Grobener. If there is going to be any rioting, the people shall be taught the lesson of their lives."

He rang the bell for his secretary, and gave a few orders. Then he turned once more to Bernhardt. "Tell me," he said, "what has brought all this about? It is only during the last three years that one has heard of this discontent."

"It is the work of one man, sir," Bernhardt answered. "The Watcher, whoever he may be, is the one person who is responsible for the condition of the country."

"And during three years," the king said

The Kingdom of Earth

coldly, "you have failed to arrest him, knowing very well the mischief he was doing."

"Your Majesty," Bernhardt answered, "you could inflict upon me no punishment so severe as the humiliation which I carry with me day and night."

"Sir," the king said, his face full of cold wrath, "this is a small country, you have had an ample force of police and spies, and you mean to tell me that here, under your very nose, this man has lived in secrecy for three years?"

"I am ashamed to confess it, your Majesty, but it is true," said Bernhardt. "I might ask you to remember that most of this extraordinary person's work has been done by pamphlets and organizations, and I know for a fact that even the Watchers themselves have met him only six times, and have never seen his face. I am perfectly convinced that he is a person with a double personality, and I also know that he is in the city to-day."

"All that you appear to know amounts to nothing, sir," the king declared. "Can you arrest him to-day?"

Bernhardt shook his head. "Your Majesty," he said, "I cannot. After to-morrow, it is possible that we may all know him."

"Why after to-morrow?" John Peters asked.

"Because it is rumored that if the men who smashed Mademoiselle Clerteau's carriage in the square yesterday are committed to trial he will lead a hundred thousand rioters to the palace."

"A hundred thousand fiddlesticks!" the king exclaimed testily. "Why, there are not a hundred thousand revolutionists in the city, nor anything like it!"

"It is from the country districts that the people are to come, your Majesty," Bernhardt answered. "The organization of all the clubs in the smaller districts is wonderful. They have special trains already ordered. Unless we hold the railway stations, they can pour two or even three hundred thousand people into the city."

"And you are the person," the king remarked, with ominous coldness, "who has permitted this organization to develop into such a power."

"Your Majesty," Bernhardt answered, "they break the law nowhere. Interference is not possible. It is only the Watchers who have rendered themselves in the

slightest degree liable to the law. The policy of arresting men of such high repute, and with such a following, has been discussed repeatedly by your Majesty's council."

"There is only one man," the king said, "whom it is worth while to arrest—the Watcher himself. Arrest him, and see that he does not live through the night, and we will soon purge the city of this madness."

"Your Majesty," Bernhardt said, "I have done my best, and I have failed. If my resignation——"

"Rubbish!" the king interrupted. "This is no time to talk about resignations. The trouble is upon us. Do you mean to say that you have not even a suspicion as to this man's other personality?"

Bernhardt stood for a moment irresolute. "Your Majesty," he said, "last night a wild idea came to me."

An usher threw open the door, announcing General Grobener. The king turned to greet him. John Peters let his hand fall upon Bernhardt's arm.

"Don't say anything foolish," he whispered. "If you do, you may regret it."

"The Watcher," Bernhardt said slowly, "was concealed by some one in the building last night—some one whose apartment is in the outside block."

"You don't suspect mademoiselle?" John Peters said, smiling.

"Why not?" Bernhardt answered. "Your highness knows that she has more lovers than one."

"I will swear that I was the only man in her rooms last night," John Peters declared.

The king turned toward them with a smile of triumph. "At last," he said, "I have found a man who can talk sense. General Grobener is prepared to stake his honor upon his men."

Bernhardt turned to face him. "You mean that, General?" he asked.

"I do," the general answered impressively. "All this revolutionist nonsense is pure civilian folly. My men are stanch."

"Then for heaven's sake," Bernhardt declared, "announce a review for the day after to-morrow, and get them under arms!"

"If his majesty orders it," General Grobener answered, "it shall be done."

"In the square," the king declared—"a full artillery review. A few Maxim guns

will be the best answer to those who talk of revolutions. Let it be announced in the 'Gazette' this evening. What do you say, nephew?"

"I wish I shared the general's faith," John Peters said dryly. "However, I suppose it is the only card we have left to play, unless your Majesty——"

"Well?"

"Unless your Majesty were to order a special train to-morrow morning, and take Mademoiselle Clerteau back to Paris."

The king stamped upon the floor. "You mean abdicate!" he cried. "I would sooner die in the square there!"

John Peters turned once more to the window, a faint smile upon his lips. "It may come to that for both of us," he said.

XIV

He came upon her suddenly out of the shadows of a gloomy afternoon, and she stared at him as though she had seen a ghost.

"You!" she exclaimed, "you!"

Other words failed her. He looked at her intently for a moment and then laughed. To her the laugh sounded most unnatural.

"Why not?"

"I don't know," she answered, a little lamely, "only I have been reading the papers, and it seemed to me that just now your place was in your own country."

The idea seemed to amuse him, and again his laugh sounded strangely unfamiliar to her. The way he looked at her was amazing, too.

"I like London better," he declared.

She moved on a little nervously. He kept by her side.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Home," she answered, pausing at the door of an apartment-house. "We have just finished a *matinée*. This is my nearest way in."

She half held out her hand. He affected not to see it.

"Won't you ask me in?" he begged.

"If you like, of course," she answered.

"I didn't fancy——"

"Oh, I'd like to come," he declared.

She looked at him wonderingly. "You are a brave man," she said.

"Why?" he demanded.

"Well, you remember the last time," she remarked.

He shook his head. "I never remember the things which it is wiser to forget," he declared.

They went in silence up to her rooms. He laid his hat down upon the table, and she looked at him inquiringly.

"What has happened to change you so?" she demanded. "You are——"

"Anything you like to call me," he answered. "John Peters, if you will."

She drew a little breath. "I was beginning to wonder," she confessed. "Your features are the same, but your whole expression seems to have changed."

"I've been having a rough time," he confessed.

"It isn't that," she answered; "you are different, aren't you? What is it?"

"I am learning," he declared, "to take life a little less seriously."

She nodded. "That is how you look," she admitted. "It changes you."

He leaned toward her. "In one thing," he whispered, "I have not changed, I shall never change. And you?"

She drew away from him, a curious sensation of fear coming over her. She was certain that he was going to try to kiss her. It was a nightmare, this. She felt his hot breath upon her cheek, and drew angrily away.

"You are different," she cried, standing with her finger on the bell. "I do not recognize you. Please go away. I have rung for my maid. Do please go!"

He picked up his hat and left her with a light word. She looked after him in horror. He went jauntily down the corridor, looking back once to wave his hand. She closed her door and locked it. A moment or so later a knock came. She sent for her maid.

"Don't let anyone in unless I know who it is," she ordered.

The maid opened the door and looked round. "It is Sir Gilbert, madam," she announced.

Grace gave a little murmur of relief. She rose and held out both her hands. "Do come in," she said. "I'm so glad to see you. Did you pass anyone in the corridor?"

"I recognized some one stepping out of the elevator," Sir Gilbert answered. "I think that your friend has come into line with us others, eh? More of the Kingdom of Earth about his expression to-day, I think, than of the other place."

She shivered. "I met him just now in the street," she said. "He came in with me. He was only here five minutes. I didn't understand him."

Sir Gilbert shrugged his shoulders. "Well," he said, "I'm glad you were able to get rid of him without any trouble. I suppose it's one of the things you're liable to, living alone like this. I wish to the dickens you'd chuck it, Grace."

"What would you have me do then?" she inquired, smiling.

"Oh! take a house—you could afford it well enough, or cut the stage altogether and marry me. I'll give you the prettiest house in London."

"This is a serious proposal?" she asked calmly.

"Am I not always serious?" he demanded. "I've proposed to you nearly every week for two months."

She nodded. "You're getting quite skilful," she said. "I'd really think of it, but I've half promised to sign a contract to go abroad."

"When?" he demanded.

"In a week or two—when we close here. We are going to Germany, and call at some places on the way."

He dropped his eye-glass, and looked thoughtfully into the fire. "I am sorry," he said.

"Why?"

"I like you in England best," he answered, "and I hate you on the stage at all."

She laughed softly. "My dear Gilbert," she said, "one must do something."

"Not necessarily," he dissented. "You have money enough, and a decent fellow waiting to marry you, if you'll have him. And besides, you haven't any real vocation for the stage. You are not a great actress. You never will be one. You are just capable and clever, and nice to look at. Those gifts would do you as well anywhere else. By the bye"—he turned and looked at her—"what first made you go on the stage? I never quite understood."

She shrugged her shoulders. "One must do something. I was weary of the ordinary things."

"But you never indulged in the ordinary things," he reminded her. "You were always far above that. I remember that when you left Wellesley you were a person to be feared. You were a frightful blue-

stocking, with most bloodthirsty views. And then you gave up everything and went on the stage. Others, besides myself, were puzzled. Why did you do it, I wonder?"

"I had a reason, certainly," she admitted; "but it is not one that I can tell you."

"You mean that?" he asked, after a moment's pause.

"I do."

He sighed. "Well," he said, "I should have liked your confidence."

"I would give it to you, if to anyone," she said, a little wearily. "I dare say I have made rather a muddle of my life. Most people would say so. Sometimes I am sure of it myself. But such as it is, I must go on with it. I dare say it will come out all right."

"But what," he asked, "is to be the end of it? I do not honestly believe that you have any ambitions connected with the stage, and you say that you don't want to marry. Yet you are not the sort of person to live aimlessly."

"Hasn't it ever occurred to you," she asked, smiling, "that there may be things in my life which I choose, or am forced, to keep to myself? One is apt to judge too much by exteriors, you know."

"Then I am more than ever in the dark," he confessed, "and I don't like being in the dark where you are concerned."

There was a tap at the door, and a man entered somewhat abruptly. He was dark, with black beard and hair, of medium height, fashionably dressed, but in a manner which somehow suggested the foreigner. The look which passed between Grace and him indicated a certain familiarity, which somehow stirred a queer feeling of resentment in Ferringhall.

"Come in, Mr. St. Dalmás," Grace said, motioning him to a chair. "Sir Gilbert Ferringhall, Mr. St. Dalmás."

The two men exchanged scanty greetings. The newcomer settled down in his chair, with the obvious air of an habitué, and one who meant to stop. In a few minutes Ferringhall rose to go.

"I am coming to see the play to-night," he remarked, as he shook hands with Grace.

"What, again?" she laughed.

"Why not? You wouldn't care to come to supper afterward?"

She shook her head. "Not to-night."

I'm always tired *matinée* days. Come and see me again soon."

He felt himself dismissed and he went. He left the house and turned aimlessly westward. "Confound that fellow!" he muttered to himself. "I wonder who he is."

The "fellow" was standing with his back to the fire, lighting a cigarette. "I hate your society friends, Grace," he said.

She looked at him coldly. "Gilbert Ferringhall is one of my very best and dearest friends," she remarked. "There is no one whom I am more glad to see here."

"You ought to drop these outside people," he said; "they distract your mind."

"Sometimes," she said, with a little sigh, "a little distraction is welcome."

He looked at her, frowning heavily. "I don't like to hear you talk like that," he said.

"Perhaps not! One has humors sometimes."

He threw out his hand, a swift, sweeping gesture. "A woman, perhaps. Well, never mind. You leave next week—or is it the week after?—for Berlin for three nights, and three in *Varia*."

She nodded. "Well?"

"There is a commission for you."

Her eyes were filled with fear. "Where?"

"In *Varia*."

He looked at her contemptuously. She had turned pale.

"You are not the woman you were," he said. "I am not sure that you are to be trusted. No, I don't mean that," he added quickly, as she raised her head, "I mean your nerve."

"My nerve is all right," she answered quietly, "and what I undertake to do I shall do. But one can't help wishing that theories, and the practical applications one draws from them, were not quite so far apart."

"Well, it's nothing to frighten you this time," he said grimly. "You have to meet and deliver some messages from us to the real ruler of Bergeland."

"And who is he?" she asked.

"He is the secret head of the revolutionist party there," St. Dalmas answered. "They call him the Watcher."

XV

JOHN PETERS rose in his stirrups, and, with his right hand to his mouth, sent forth

a shout which traveled across the open plain like the report of a cannon. Even the cows grazing by the riverside looked up; a man who lay upon some sacks of grain, floating down the canal on a flat-bottomed boat, woke up with a start, and nearly overbalanced himself in his desire to see this disturber of the early morning's peace. And the man for whose benefit the shout was given, wheeled his horse abruptly round and waited.

John Peters touched his great bay mare with the spurs, and galloped across the open country. The mud flew up behind him, the very ground seemed to tremble with the thunder of his horse's hoofs. Notwithstanding his height, he rode erect, and with the sure, graceful seat of a born horseman. Bernhardt, who rode a cob, and was not at his best in the saddle, watched his approach with admiration.

"Where have you sprung from?" he called out, as John Peters drew near. "Why this amazing energy?"

"I have come to join you in your morning ride," John Peters answered. "Somehow I fancied that we could talk better here than in your grubby office, and I have a few things to say to you, my friend Bernhardt."

"You came in search of me, then?"

"Why not? It is pleasanter to talk out here, and one is sure of not being overheard."

The two men rode side by side at a walking pace. John Peters, with his great stature, and on his magnificent horse, towered over the other man, who seemed like a child upon a pony.

"Look here," John Peters said, "have you been to your office this morning, Bernhardt?"

The other shook his head. "I left home at half-past six," he replied. "My energy does not go so far."

"Well, when you do go you will probably find one of your night-birds anxious to make a report to you. I caught the brute shadowing me last night."

Bernhardt smiled pleasantly. "Then you were not so drunk as usual," he remarked.

"I am never so drunk," John Peters answered, "as not to see what is going on around me. Fortunately, I was in one of my good humors, or your report would have come from a hospital."

"I am sorry," Bernhardt said, "if he annoyed you."

John Peters looked down at his companion with darkening face. "Look here," he said, "I want to know by what right you dare to have me followed and a record made of my movements. It is a dirty trick, Bernhardt."

Bernhardt shook his head. "No," he said, "it is not that. The Prince of Bergeland cannot be allowed to go unprotected into every low haunt of the city. In my department there is no such thing as curiosity. You have been watched because you are the Crown Prince of Bergeland."

John Peters leaned a little down in his saddle. His riding-whip rested between the ears of Bernhardt's horse.

"Is that the truth?" he asked.

"It is," Bernhardt answered smoothly.

"Is it the whole truth?" John Peters persisted.

Bernhardt sat for a moment immovable in the saddle. His eyes were fixed apparently upon the glittering mass of spires and domes and chimneys, where, a few miles ahead, the city spread itself out.

"Does anyone ever tell the whole truth?" he asked quietly.

John Peters bent down once more, and the flash in his eyes spoke of a purpose. "You," he said, "are going to tell me the whole truth—now. I demand it. What have you in your mind, that you set spies to dog my movements?"

Bernhardt smiled quietly. He looked up at his companion. "I will tell you," he said, "one thing that is in my mind. I believe if you would give me your entire confidence, if you would trust me as man to man, that we might yet save this country."

John Peters was sure now of the thing which he had suspected. He looked at his companion thoughtfully. How much did he know? How much? He looked away at the canal by the side of which they were riding.

"You seem to imagine," John Peters said, "that I have secrets."

"Who has not?" Bernhardt answered.

John Peters laughed, laughed with no affected merriment, but with real boisterous mirth. "Ah, my dear Bernhardt," he declared, "you are a great man, you read me like a book. I am a child in your hands! I confess, then, that it is true. I have a secret."

"I am very sure of it," Bernhardt an-

swered quietly. "I am also sure that you do not mean to tell it to me."

"If I did," John Peters declared, "you would not believe me."

"Why not?" Bernhardt answered. "One can believe strange things of a man like you, who stands to Bergeland, the country over which he should one day rule, for the last word in dissipation, who flaunts his debauches in the eyes of the people, who frequents the low dens of the city, and yet rides at six o'clock in the morning with the complexion and color of a boy, with a hand as steady as a rock, and an eye as clear as a child's."

"All constitution, my friend," John Peters announced. "I am as strong as a horse, too. Why don't you enroll me as an honorary member of your force, and put me on the track of the chief of the Watchers? I'd soon account for him."

"There are words spoken in jest which savor often of the truth," Bernhardt remarked. "I have come to the conclusion that the gentleman in question must have some very powerful friends."

"You are rather good at coming to conclusions," John Peters remarked, "and meanwhile the cord is drawn a little tighter, and the country slips away from us. I tell you frankly I'm off to Paris in a few days. I don't believe this place is going to be good for my health."

Bernhardt looked at him curiously. "There's no hurry for a few days," he said, "not, at any rate, until after Parliament has met."

"Even your spies," John Peters said dryly, "get hold of wrong information sometimes. I don't mind telling you, Bernhardt, that I don't like the attitude of the people. They glower so as one passes, and very seldom salute."

"You have never given them much encouragement," Bernhardt remarked. "I have seen you ride through the city often, and I have never seen you return a single greeting. His majesty himself is not genial, but you act as though your only idea was to incense the people."

John Peters shrugged his shoulders. "My infernal honesty, I suppose," he remarked. "I'm hanged if I can bow and smirk like a shopman. What the dickens is this? An escort come for you?"

They were still riding by the side of the canal, but they had left the open country



"NO," BERNHARDT ANSWERED. "TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I
DID NOT EXPECT TO FIND YOU HERE. I AM IN
SEARCH OF SOME ONE ELSE."

behind, and were fast approaching the town. Already they had passed several large factories and rows of workingmen's cottages, and the meadow-path had given way to a cinder-track. Just in front of them was a lock and a bridge, on which were drawn up some fifteen or twenty policemen.

"Not exactly," Bernhardt answered. "I had them stationed there, however. Would you be interested to know why?"

John Peters nodded. He was looking down the canal.

"There is something," Bernhardt continued, "which has been bothering me for months, and that is how arms are being smuggled into Bergeland. We know that it is being done, but though the railways and roads have been thoroughly watched, we have never discovered a single case. It occurred to me that they might come this way. I am going to have all the barges searched to-day."

"My friend, you are marvelous," John Peters declared. "You think of everything, but I cannot see any barges."

"There will be plenty during the day," Bernhardt answered. "I shall wait here for a little time."

John Peters nodded. "In which case," he said, "*au revoir*. Shall we see you at the palace later?"

"I have an appointment with his majesty at eleven o'clock," Bernhardt answered.

John Peters nodded, and, stopping for a moment to light a cigarette, rode slowly off. Directly he had passed a bend in the road, however, he touched his horse with the spurs, and cantered along until he came to a small inn and beer-garden. Here he dismounted quickly and entered the place. A man was standing behind the counter, who stared at his visitor in amazement.

"I wish to use the telephone," John Peters said. "What is the number of the lock-house below Tratchen?"

Still staring, the man told him. John Peters entered the telephone-box, and was there for about five minutes. When he reappeared, he produced his pocketbook and counted out some money.

"Step into your parlor with me for a moment," John Peters said to the man, whose eyes were already glistening. "I should like a few minutes' conversation with you."

The man threw open the door and John Peters followed him in. In less than five minutes they reappeared. The visitor mounted his horse and rode away. The host of the inn stood like a man dazed for several moments. Then he poured himself out a glass of brandy and tossed it off. He had scarcely done so when Bernhardt entered.

"You had a gentleman here to use the telephone about five minutes ago," he said brusquely.

"It is very true," the man admitted.

"What number did he ring up?" Bernhardt demanded.

The man hesitated. "We do not tell those things," he said; "it is against the rule."

"You will have to tell me," Bernhardt declared. "I am Baron Bernhardt, chief of the police. Two of my men are outside if you doubt my word."

The man began to shake. "But, sir," he said, "I will tell you willingly. It was a very tall gentleman, and I am sure that he was mad. He rang up the palace, the king's palace, and gave orders for a breakfast to be ready in half an hour."

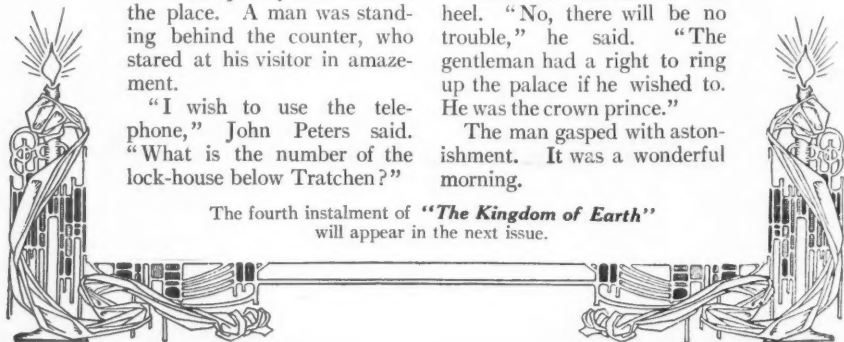
"Is that all?" Bernhardt asked.

"Every word," the man affirmed. "I hope there will be no trouble."

Bernhardt turned on his heel. "No, there will be no trouble," he said. "The gentleman had a right to ring up the palace if he wished to. He was the crown prince."

The man gasped with astonishment. It was a wonderful morning.

The fourth instalment of "*The Kingdom of Earth*" will appear in the next issue.





A Wonderful New Singer

THE CAREER OF MISS MARY GARDEN, IDOL OF PARISIAN OPERA-GOERS, WHO HAS COME BACK TO AMERICA TO INTERPRET THE GREAT RÔLES SHE MADE FAMOUS AT THE OPÉRA COMIQUE

By William Armstrong

THERE is still romance left in the world, and a share of it falls to the life of the stage, when, from the land of nowhere, there suddenly emerges a figure whose career is from that moment a part and parcel of the world's knowledge.

One night in 1900 Charpentier's "Louise" was in performance at the Paris Opéra Comique. The prima donna, ill when she went on, kept up until the fall of the curtain on the second act.

In the audience was a girl who was to make her début three months later as Michaela in "Carmen." When the curtain went up again she was the new Louise. It was Miss Mary Garden, of Chicago, whom none knew or had ever heard of, a recluse from the nowhere-land, who stepped out for her sudden, unexpected début without rehearsal in the third act of a new opera. She had never sung with an orchestra before, she had never studied the action or stage business of the opera, of which she knew only the music. But if her chance had come in the last way she would have chosen it; there was to her mind no alternative to the venture, so she took it.

Three years before, Miss Garden had arrived from America with no knowledge of French and little of music. That night, in the three remaining acts of the opera, without a friendly face in the audience to cheer her, she made a success that resulted in two

hundred and five appearances in that same "Louise," a success that has kept her ever since on the boards of the Opéra Comique. Her latest and greatest recognition was had there in Erlanger's "Aphrodite," which enjoyed the longest run after "Louise."

"I like battles, they don't frighten me," she said in Paris recently, and she has lived up to the truth of it. Her grit and her talent have been the generals that have won for her a place in the world.

It is a long cry from the post of church-singer in Chicago to that of prima donna at the Paris Comique. In Miss Garden's girlhood there had been no call to bring out her strenuous qualities; she had had the usual high-school education, studying the violin in the interval. Her mother being an interested church-worker, Miss Garden, with her voice, naturally gravitated to the choir-loft. Though she enjoyed it, in a little while she discovered its limitations, and set sail for France; the fearless spirit of venture had worked out of its chrysalis.

It was a rough path that she had in the three years following, but the Scotch determination of her Aberdeen ancestry is part of her stage effects. She went to Paris without any proclaiming of purpose or any fixed intentions as to what she was going to do. "I wanted to wait until I got there to find out what there was to do, before I made rash assertions," is the characteristic way she puts it.

That she accomplished many things after



MARY GARDEN AT THE AGE OF FOUR

she got there, Parisian recognition sufficiently chronicles; but at that time it was an uphill prospect.

First of all she shut herself away from her compatriots and all English-speaking people, secluding herself in a French home with three generations of inmates. There, when she was not practising her attempts in a new language on everybody about her, she sat with a grammar as companion in a green garden with high walls that shut from her every glimpse of the Paris she was later to conquer. In six months she was ready to put together her little belongings and sally out into life again. She had mastered French.

The hardest part was to come, many days in which she looked back with longing to the quiet of the restful garden, whose green trees had never put to her vexatious questions. To one teacher and another she went for lessons, but with a keener sense of discrimination in her final choice than most American girls who would be singers, and who come back with cracked voices and splintered French as the acquirements of a Paris sojourn. Seven teachers she tried and found wanting before, in the studios of two

comparatively unknown ones, Fauguère, of the Opéra Comique, and Jules Chevallier, she met instructors whom her common sense told her could be trusted. To these two she owes her vocal training.

Thus far she had avoided the two pitfalls common to American students, a herding together for the sake of companionship, where English, not French, is spoken, and a too trustful spirit that assumes the excellence of a teacher because others say so, or simply because his studio is in Paris, where more good voices are ruined by ignorant vocal teachers in the course of a year than any other town can place to its discredit in the same period.

The drudgery of a foundation done with, Miss Garden began to study rôles for possible appearances; everything, anything, likely to spring up. Meanwhile, she was too busy to accept those opportunities to sing in private, so generously provided, without pay, by the kind of "society" that gives free déjeuners to foreign newspaper correspondents in return for cabled advertisement in their papers. Consequently, when she did make her début, three months earlier than was expected, on



MISS GARDEN IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF MASSENET'S OPERA, "THAIS"

A Wonderful New Singer

that fateful night in "Louise," her voice was fresh, and she was ready with a rôle of which none suspected her; she had learned it simply because it appealed to her, and with small prospect at the time of ever singing it.

"Louise" she studied without a piano, because the lady in whose house she was stopping was ill and could not endure the sound of it. Seated in her little room, Miss Garden kept time with her foot while she memorized the music.

In studying the action of a rôle, she has

it." Perhaps she did and perhaps she substituted another, equally effective.

"Every night I take new poses," said Miss Garden, "but where I put my feet on the stage never changes. I am always there, if it be the hundredth performance." In that important respect she never disturbs the progress of a scene; she is always part of it, and not an isolated figure acting against a disordered background of colleagues, as so frequently happens with ladies of intemperate temperament.

In acting there is but one singer of the



MARY GARDEN AT THE AGE
OF FOURTEEN

a peculiar method. She plans nothing beforehand, simply memorizing the music. What she will do in the various situations she works out in rehearsal on the spur of the moment, every pose, gesture, and item of stage business as emotion dictates. And yet in no two performances of an opera are her gestures or poses the same.

In rehearsing "Aphrodite," the manuscript of which she brought to the notice of M. Albert Carré, of the Comique, the author, M. Pierre Louÿs, would enthusiastically call out to her, "That is a good point; remember

type of rôles that Miss Garden portrays who approaches her, and that is Madame Bellincioni, who aroused Paris two years ago by her impersonation in "La Cabrera," an artist from whom Madame Calvé has so closely copied tricks of gesture and mannerism that had we seen the original first we should have been slower in accepting the disciple in America.

In addition to Louise, other rôles for which Miss Garden was ready, and which she sang when the long run of Charpentier's work was ended, were Violetta in "La



MISS GARDEN IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF MASSENET'S OPERA, "CHERUBIN"



MANON

MANON

LOUISE

Traviata," revived after a long period of withdrawal and in Empire style; in Pierné's "Fille de Tabarin," the "Pelléas et Mélisande" of Debussy, "La Reine Fiammette," the book by Catulle Mendès, which Miss Marlowe once essayed in drama form; "Lakmé," Saint-Saëns's "Hélène"; "Manon," "Thaïs," Massenet's "Cherubin," in which she played the part of a boy, and the "Aphrodite" of Erlanger. Five of these rôles she created: Mélisande, Fiammette, Fille de Tabarin, Cherubin, and Aphrodite. Other rôles, aside from these, she learned and sang at Covent Garden in London.

In recent summers she has sung in the opera at Aix-les-Bains by special request of King George of Greece, her stanch admirer, and by whose desire she was summoned to sing in a state concert at Windsor during his last visit there to King Edward.

In the extent of their run, Miss Garden's most pronounced successes at the Comique have been "Louise," with its two hundred and five presentations, and "Aphrodite," with upward of sixty. "Sometimes," she



MÉLISANDE

MARY GARDEN IN SOME OF HER FAVORITE RÔLES

said, in speaking of these two operas so often repeated, "the thought of the coming performance may have bored me in the afternoon, but not after I was once on the stage."

"Nervous in a new part? No, I am never nervous," she said. "When one goes on, and knows what one is about, there is no need of being nervous. Emotion one must always have, but that is not nervousness. One must be master of what one does, and nervousness never brings that. What I love is the creation of new rôles, and not the assumption of threadbare ones. I should like to be always creating."

In appearance her photographs give an adequate idea of her, except in the changing expression of her face, a thing that no camera has learned to reflect, and, an equally impossible thing to the photographer's art, her coloring. She has dark blue eyes, at times almost black in the reflection of the footlights, and brown hair with bronze shades in it.

Her voice one almost forgets in her acting, yet that it is adequate one knows, in recalling her performances, by the fact that

the former has impressed itself with the latter, and this, in view of her histrionic ability, is proof sufficiently strong. The finish of her acting in its detail would be lost in a great house like the Metropolitan, and for that reason it is wise that she has chosen to appear at the Manhattan, a more congenial theater in this respect. Aside from this finish, distinctly French, there is an impelling instinct of sincerity that is American rather than Gallic.

"Of the Americans, she is the greatest that has appeared at the Comique," said Madame Marchesi, in speaking of her. And when we recall Madame Marchesi's American pupils who have sung there, and that Miss Garden is not her pupil, the sincerity of her artistic judgment may be relied on as surely as the broad nature that prompted her to express it.

"Dressing is one of the most important things with the singer; you must please the eye," is the way Miss Garden regards it, and few American women on the stage, wearing French clothes, have her adaptability in wearing them in a French manner. Some of these costumes that her fancy has helped to conjure up were requested for exhibition at the recent exposition at Milan.

Of the dominant trait of sincerity in her work, along with an individual way of doing things, there is a characteristic instance in the fifth act of "Aphrodite," and in a situation so easily carried by other methods that would fail of the same impressive-

ness. Her treatment of it is one of great simplicity. She takes with a numbed wonder the cup of poison handed her, for, in her youth, Aphrodite is not far enough away from childhood to have forgotten to obey. The moment that follows the draining of it is full, not of a passionate fear of death, but of a childishly passionate fear of dying alone. As he leaves, she follows the jailer up the stairs on her knees. In her movements there is intense, eloquent entreaty, but done quietly. When the stone door falls shut, there is the same quiet abandon to utter grief. Falling rather than walking, she drops on the lowest step, buries her head deep in her hands, and her long hair falls forward like a veil over her. It is a pose of grief so complete, so absolute, that an old master would have gotten glory out of it.

Her work is full of these episodes done in a way that others have not done them, and yet supremely convincing for the reason that they are humanly natural.

"Any girl can do what I did; she must always be ready," is the frank, simple way Miss Garden rates her achievements. "But unless she comes to Paris with a solid head, she will do nothing."

With her own head still as "solid" as it was before that first night in "Louise," Miss Garden has worked and waited for the time that should bring her home to America. After seven years of foreign successes that time has finally come.

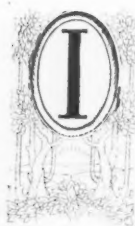


Strange Prophecy About Roosevelt

A Midwinter Fantasy

By Henry Watterson

I



SHALL call her Cassandra. During the winter of 1859-60, and again a year later, no young woman was better known to the society of the national capital. She was the guest of her aunt, the wife of an influential senator from one of the Southern states then upon the brink of secession, and she threw herself into the passionate extremism of the time with an ardor dissonant not merely to her beauty and youth but to multiplied accomplishments in themselves absorbing and far beyond the common.

Being of the party of the Union, I had many a tilt with her, and we were saved from a breach of friendship only by kindred artistic sympathies, for we were both devoted to Chopin and Mendelssohn, and played duos on two pianos, one of which afforded me at once a retreat and a defense against her rising anger.

She truly believed secession a Constitutional right, slavery a divine institution. To her the mud-sills of the North, as she called them, were an inferior people. Cotton was king, and she preferred a monarchy to a republic. If there should be any war at all as a consequence of disunion, which was unlikely, it would be short-lived. Washington would quickly become the seat of the Confederate government, the Susquehanna in the East, the Ohio in the West its northern boundaries, the valley of the Mississippi—from the Iowa line to the Balize—intact to the South. All Europe would welcome the New Aristocracy of America into the firmament of nations.

The last I saw of her she was waving a Palmetto flag defiantly from the window of a lumbering family carriage which rolled

away across the Long Bridge toward the blue hills of Virginia, into the misty and bloody dreamland of the doomed South.

II

It was the night after the second day's battle of Chickamauga. Cassandra's betrothed lover commanded an Alabama regiment. He was a gallant and distinguished young officer. News reached army headquarters that he was among the missing, and, in accordance with an agreement, I wired her uncle, then at Dalton, and toward sunset the next evening he and she, with a negro body-servant, reached the front.

We had a long search for the body. At last we found it in a lonely dell, lying face upward to the starlight, as placid as any soldier taking his rest. She made no outcry. Dismounting, she tenderly lifted the dead form in her arms, seemed to utter a prayer to the Almighty, and sank upon the pulseless bosom of all that had been dearest to her on earth.

For a long time it was thought her reason was fading away. But youth and time and travel are great healers. Four years later I met her pursuing her musical studies in Leipzig, reserved, rigid, and prematurely gray. Her family told me that she never referred to the war, never mentioned her lover or her tragedy; from day to day she was serene, sedate, and silent. Ten years later, when she had returned to her home upon the southeast coast of Georgia, under the pretext that her fingers were thumbs she abandoned her piano and addressed her interest to the ancestral library, where there was scarcely a book less than a hundred years old—mostly English editions—and gave herself over to reading mainly historical, her quiet oddities becoming more and more pronounced.

There were those who thought her queer.

To me she was simply pathetic. When she died a year ago she left me a great bundle of note-books filled with annotations not a few of which might be described as recondite. She had given much of her later time to economic investigation; but the parts of history which most engaged her were the revolutionary epochs, ancient and modern,

rigidity. A light shone in her eyes which they had wanted since her girlhood. We went for a stroll about the fine old Southern garden, with its walks of box-elder and mock-orange. At length we sat down on a bench outside a rustic lodge. The moon was shining as bright as day. I was somehow reminded of that September night at



MARTHA BULLOCH, MOTHER OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

the periods of Cæsar and Cromwell and Napoleon leading the rest in fulness of comment and detail. Her remarks were whimsical but, granting her premise, their logic was irresistible.

III

I met Cassandra for the last time three winters ago. There appeared to me less of

Chickamauga, more than forty years ago. She, too, seemed to recall it.

"Well, my friend," she began, "freedom is at last at hand, though I may never live to witness its realization."

What could she mean? I did not dare to ask her. After a pause she proceeded, "The South will get its own and the North be punished for its crimes."

Strange Prophecy About Roosevelt

The old, old story. It was useless to reason with such a fatuity. Her mind dwelt in a world of its own apart. So I let it run on like a rivulet through a vista, at its sad, sweet bent. I had never seen her more regal and beautiful—an old woman now very thin and pale, dignity and gentleness in her whole air and manner and in every tone.

"I prayed to God that night," she continued, her voice falling to a whisper, "and God has answered my prayer. The avenger cometh. Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off. I have been young and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. It is a long lane that hath no turning. But the crossing of the ways is just beyond, and the dawn is upon us."

"Yes," I ventured, "the South is destined to be richer than ever it was, and if it could be united upon a policy and leaders of its own, its dominancy in the councils of the nation would surely be restored to it."

"And are you, too," she said, with a faint tinge of reproach, "commercialized like the rest? I had hoped otherwise. That cotton will yet be king—yes. That nature and God's will shall be vindicated in the creation of a better system of subjection for these hordes of semibarbarous blacks than our dear but crude old system of African slavery—yes. There must be, will be, preordained hewers of wood and drawers of water. Society must have a fixed substratum. But the Old South, with its high ideals, must not be replaced by a New South with the low ideals of the North, and it will not be, for God has raised up a man to stand between and to forbid and, at the final moment, to rescue his own people from bondage to the mean, ignoble things of which they have been so long the victims, and, I fear, the willing victims. The man is Theodore Roosevelt!"

I was fairly stunned. Theodore Roosevelt, the Federalist—Theodore Roosevelt, the Puritan essayist—Theodore Roosevelt, the Yankee President, who had sat at table with a negro and was even now seeking to force a negro upon the people of Charleston as surveyor of the port—what could this unyielding irreconcilable find of toleration, far less of hope, in Theodore Roosevelt! In the way of an echo I gasped, "Theodore Roosevelt?"

"Yes," she went on with the calm assur-

ance of a Priestess of Isis, "Theodore Roosevelt. In his veins flows the blood of Cæsar and Rienzi, tempered by the blood of Jan De Witt and of Oliver Cromwell. But, what is more to the purpose, within his veins flows the blood of the Bullochs of Georgia. God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. Motherhood is the source of all that is great and glorious in life. I did not know Martha Bulloch—she was ten years before me—but I knew the old admiral, he that fitted out our cruisers and directed our naval operations abroad, and two of the Bulloch girls were my classmates at school. It is the boldest, bravest blood of the unconquered and unconquerable South. Do you know what the admiral did when he found, or rather when he thought, that all was lost? Why, he had in his possession a hundred thousand dollars of Confederate gold—he was in Liverpool, quite out of reach of any jurisdiction—and he surrendered every dollar of it to the United States authorities and went cheerfully to his grave a pauper! That is the kind of people the Bullochs are, and, at last, one of them is in the saddle."

"But Booker Washington and the nigger official for Charleston," I interjected, "and the Mississippi post-office case—"

"Mere subterfuges," she quickly rejoined. "Great men playing for great stakes must do strange things. Sometimes, like us poor women, they have to stoop to conquer. I have watched the career of Theodore Roosevelt as the astrologers of old watched the stars. How could he have swept the country as he has just done if he had not joined to the sagacity and daring of Cæsar the genius of Napoleon and the profundity of Cromwell? He stood upon a ledge where four vice-presidents before him had failed miserably. Who was to keep him in his place? Himself—only himself. He must secure a nomination of his party, which had no thought of nominating him; and he must secure a campaign fund, with all the great capitalists against him. See how he bent Quay and Platt and Addicks and all the machine men to his purpose—how he taught them practical politics and dominated them. See how he used Cortelyou, first as private secretary and next as secretary of commerce to acquire the inside secrets of the corporations, and then as chairman of the National Committee to force them to disgorge some of their ill-



Copyright, 1905, by Underwood & Underwood

**BULLOCH MANSION, ROSWELL, GEORGIA—THE HOME OF
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S MOTHER**

got gains. A coming man, that Cortelyou. They tell me he does Chopin like De Pachmann. That means that he is an artist, has the artistic temperament, and is presumably a gentleman. How those kings of finance must have winced to have him stalk into their dens, an exhibit in one hand and a big stick in the other, deigning not a word, only a look and a nod toward the money-chests! Was not that a stroke of genius?"

"My dear old friend," said I, "if what you say were true, it would make your two heroes a couple of sharpers. One of them, at least, has indignantly denied it."

She looked at me with a kind of maternal compassion. "You will stick to the earth earthy," she said. "There are some lies that are so stupendous and yet so obvious that they become virtues. What is the art of war but to mislead the enemy? What is statesmanship but to deceive the canaille until you are ready to saddle and bridle them, to mount and ride them? Did you never try to catch a wild horse in the meadow with an ear of corn outstretched? Why should Theodore Roosevelt, confident

of his powers and seeking empire, be less ingenuous?"

"But," I interposed, "he has declared that he entertains no such purpose, that he regards the new term to which he has been chosen as substantially a second term, that he believes in the third-term tradition; and he has volunteered this declaration, no one impelling him or asking it."

"You talk like a child," she quickly interposed. "They will be taking bonbons away from you next. That is a part of the game. By this very declaration he puts the idea of a third term in the popular mind and in the minds of his friends. Never fear but that it will germinate. What did Cæsar mean when he thrust away the crown? Do you think Napoleon would have been Napoleon if he had intimated the Empire to France before he was ready to spring? They could only get rid of Cromwell feet foremost. Roosevelt has planted the seed. He has given the cue. In good season there will be those who will know how to proceed, not to mention the unthinking herd who were born to gape and bleat and follow where a great man leads."

Strange Prophecy About Roosevelt

It was unbelievable, this honorable, self-respecting, high-born woman coolly extolling falsehood and perfidy. She went on:

"It is not for me to say whether Theodore Roosevelt has it quite clear in his heart to avenge his mother's people, but I do know that he is in the White House to stay until death doth render the two asunder. And I believe that, consciously or unconsciously, he is an instrument in the hand of God

to make the South a power again. His election—or, rather, his second election—will be yet a greater triumph than the election he has just achieved so gloriously; the foolish tradition once broken down, there need never be another, except as a matter of form, a plebiscite, for in 1912 and 1916 and 1920, if he lives so long, he will have the whole power of the Congress and the army and the navy at his back—yea, and the South too, heart-sick of democracy

and the shams and frauds of shameless, venal politics, naturally preferring a strong, aristocratic government based upon the blood-royal and the purple, and not upon money-getting and vote-buying, where the most successful must be the basest."

She paused for a moment as if to catch her breath, for she was speaking with great earnestness, although in subdued tones, and then proceeded:

"Republican government is a failure. Even you ought to know that. The people are a huddle of sheep meant for the shambles. Look at the rottenness of your po-

litical fabric. Look at the rottenness of the *omnium gatherum* of the *nouveaux riches* which you call society. Do you think these things bode nothing and can go on forever? They require a strong hand; but it must be the strong hand of a man of genius and a gentleman—a blooded man—and Theodore Roosevelt is that man."

I remained silent, and she continued:

"I was in France just after the Coup

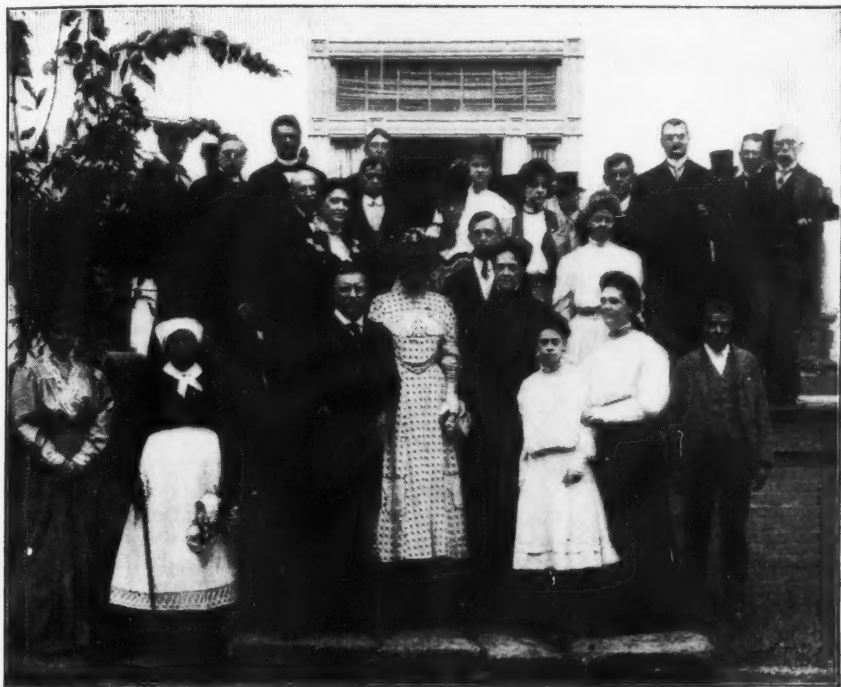
d'Etat, and though but a little girl, I was old enough to take in what was going on and some of the meaning of it. You may remember that Cousin Mason was the minister. Uncle and aunt had taken me along, and we lived in the thick of it, and though I now know that the little emperor was but a pinchbeck Napoleon—I met him and the empress often at the Tuileries and was twice their guest at Compiègne in '67, and '68, just before the ill-starred



Copyright, 1905, by Underwood & Underwood

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT PAYING A VISIT TO MRS. BAKER,
ONE OF HIS MOTHER'S BRIDESMAIDS

Franco-Prussian War—yet did he lift France out of the bourgeoisie of the fat old Citizen King, as they called him, or rather as he called himself under the crafty suggestion of Guizot, and the sheer vulgarity of the Republic, which even the dilettante poetasting of Lamartine and the melodramatic posing of Victor Hugo could not save from ridicule. He did indeed, just as Theodore Roosevelt will rescue Washington from the crudity and false pretension that now possess it, giving the country the splendors of a real court and the firm puissance of a ruler, such



Copyright, 1905, by Underwood & Underwood

PRESIDENT AND MRS. ROOSEVELT AT THE BULLOCH MANSION, ROSWELL, GEORGIA

The aged negress at the left is Mammy Grace, the nurse of the President's mother, and the negro at the right is Daddy William, an old family servant who decorated the house for Martha Bulloch's wedding.

as Louis Napoleon gave to Paris. He wears not yet the purple on his back, only in his heart! With one hand he feeds the cattle with the commonplaces which they best like, while with the other he holds the reins of power to drive the steeds of manifest destiny. We shall have a king—ultimately an emperor—and a rebel king and a rebel emperor, Southern to the marrow of his bones! That is why my youth has come back to me, my friend, for the stars assure me that the cause was not lost, as you thought it, in 1865, and that, in the last equation, it was I who was right, not you, in 1861."

"It may be so," I answered rather in gallantry than in agreement. "We shall see what we shall see, as our old friend, Colonel Benton, used to say."

"No. I shall not live to see it. Nor may you. But this I can see, that the elements are ripe for drastic deeds. You talk of your Constitution. It is the same rope

of sand it always was. It binds nobody. The generation that has grown to manhood since the war knows it not—too busy money-making. The South should hate it, for it carries those dreadful amendments. You were yourself always a muff—belated, as it were—clinging to Bach and Haydn and looking askance upon Schumann and Mendelssohn. Don't you remember how Wagner used to shock you? How you scorned what you called his innovation and his egotism and vanity and self-confidence? Yet, you see now, it was the music of the future! Well, Rooseveltism is the music of the future. Your resounding talk about the Constitution is chatter, idle chatter—forgive my plainness of speech; between you and me there can be no offense. It is the same unmeaning echo it was when you thought you were trying to save the Union. Now you call it the Republic. It went out in smoke and flame and spirit long ago. The

Strange Prophecy About Roosevelt

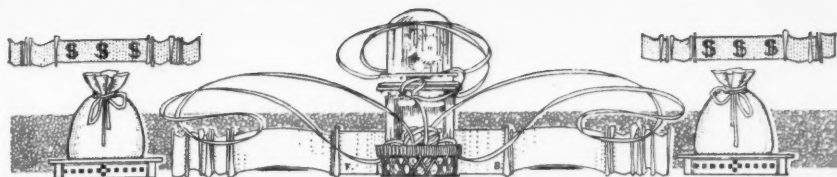
President has more power than any sovereign on earth. The splendid government your patriots in ruffled shirts and knee-breeches affected so much to dread, which was the merest fad of the time, is here. Last winter I was in Washington, and though I did not go about much it was plain that nothing was wanting to a regal court but the name of it. The cabinet members are only the lackeys of the President. He tells them to go and they fly. He bids them come and they kneel. He has but to touch a button and it is done. That is as it should be. The small politicians who label themselves Democrats are but empty bottles on the shelf. The small politicians who label themselves Republicans weakly fancy themselves in power. Theodore Roosevelt will show them all a thing or two when he is ready. You imagine that you are defending the Constitution when you are, as Disraeli once said to Roebuck, only a lone sentry guarding a vacant and dismantled fortress."

"I agree with you," I answered, "that Theodore Roosevelt is a figure of startling possibilities. Already many very notable achievements stand to his credit. I, too, have watched his career from the beginning with interest, having known his family. I recall when he became a member of the little Free Trade Club which a group of young enthusiasts had organized in New York to help us along with the battle for tariff reform and the high hope I had of him as an embryo leader of sound, economic principles, and how I was disappointed when he fell by the way, dropping back into the iron-bound party of protectionism. The wrench shook my belief in his steadfastness. But when, after a successful career as a civil service reformer, he threw his noisy principles out of the window to make terms with Platt and Quay and Addicks, I lost faith in his sincerity as a man of real and deep convictions. At best he is a daring opportunist, impetuous and unheeding, unrestrained by any line of opinions or consistency when his ambition happens to be tempted. He seems to me, indeed, merely a successful moralizer and fantastic showman."

"There you put your finger on the spot," she quickly interposed. "He is an opportunist, and a very clever opportunist. He is a showman—which of the kings of men was not? All great souls must bide their time. They must amuse the herd. But that which strikes you as but the commonplaces of

opportunism impresses me as the patient, profound dissimulation of the man of destiny and genius. Revolutions, as the Latin-Americans say, are not made of rose-water. Neither are they hastened by the weather, or hindered by a fall of rain. Like the fruitage of nature, they have their seasons and must be sown and tended long before they can be reaped. At the outset Theodore Roosevelt was but playing with politics—another young Gladstone, or Disraeli. He was seeking a career and making experiments. Nothing much mattered but success. The free-trade boots did not fit him. How did you fare with them after Cleveland put them on his thick legs and stumbling feet? The civil service crutches were well enough to help him walk into some kind of public notice. They were respectable and spectacular. Why should he not throw them out of the window when they were of no further use to him—rather a hindrance? He saw in free trade the merest mirage. So he wasted no time upon it. He knew that civil service reform was a sham and a fraud, but it was the fashion, and he appropriated it as a woman might adopt the mode of the moment, not to outlast the shop-windows. He has crushed the poor old shell you call the Democratic party. He will next make himself master of what remains of the Republican party. Do you think he does not know the value of the goody-goody which he alternates with the gamy-gamy, to-day an agreeable lay-preacher dealing in the platitudes of the copy-books and the fake idealisms of the women's clubs, to-morrow a daring sportsman, tickling the young idea with his wild adventures, always arresting the public interest and keeping himself in the center of the stage? No deep design beneath it? Why, he is a law unto himself. He creates his own ethical environment. He is the master-builder. Ah, my friend, do not deceive yourself! Remember he is a Bulloch—a Bulloch of Georgia."

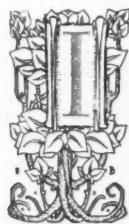
She rose and went indoors, leaving me in solitary possession of the garden and the shadows; upon the topmost bough of a neighboring palm a mocking-bird was singing to the moonlight; and—the weird-like presence had made its impression in spite of its vagaries—I found myself wondering whether it was a dream, and saying to myself "if out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, why not out of the fancy of this crazed old woman of the South!"



The Reluctant Mr. Ruydam

By Edward Salisbury Field

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan



IT'S funny how a chap rattles about from pillar to post before he gets a start in life. I suppose every man has his *metier*, but most of us have a deuce of a time finding it; I know I did. In England, when a chap of good family gets plucked for everything else, he goes in for the church, and if he happens to have a lord, or duke, or something for an uncle, he's sure of a nice little living, a couple of hunters in his stable, and a curate to write his sermons for him. It would be a grand thing if we could tack the church on to our ship of state; it would help lots of deserving young men. But I suppose it can't be done, though if I ever happen to meet the President, I'll suggest it to him.

Now there's me, for instance. I'm from an awfully good old New York family. Of course you've heard of the Ruydams. Well, I'm Philip Bond Ruydam, last of my noble line, and all that sort of thing. We used to have pots of money, we Ruydams, but Grandfather Ruydam bought a lot of gold

bricks during his lifetime, and my honored father further depleted our fortunes by carrying the family purse to Wall Street.

Talk about red tape being a nuisance, it was white tape from a ticker that finished poor dad. We had a bully old house on Washington Square, and a few horses and motors and things, but the whole business got tangled up in white tape from the ticker, till finally we awoke one morning and found we didn't own much of anything—only a row of flats on Lexington Avenue, and a farm on Long Island. Beastly luck, wasn't it? It was harder on the governor, though, than on any of the rest of us; he just couldn't stand it. Yes, that white tape

killed the governor. To this day, I never see a ticker without wanting to smash it.

There was some money left, but not enough to live on in New York, so my mother and my two sisters went to Paris, and joined the American colony there. It's humiliating for women to have to economize in New York, but it's rather fun in Paris where almost all of their countrywomen are doing the same thing. There are only two classes of Americans who live in Paris:



TO THIS DAY, I NEVER SEE A TICKER WITHOUT WANTING TO SMASH IT

The Reluctant Mr. Ruydam

those who are too poor to live in New York, and those who are too rich, and as the rich are far in the minority, the poor triumph, and economy is popular.

When the smash came, I was within two months of taking my degree at Princeton, and as mother insisted on my sticking it out, I stuck. I finished in the ruck, a furlong or so behind the leaders, but I wasn't distanced and counted out of the race; no, I won my degree by a nose, and cantered under the wire a full-fledged A. B. If that A. B. had stood for able-bodied seaman instead of bachelor of arts, I'd have been in line for wages. As it was, old Arnold, our family lawyer, extended what he thought was a helping hand, which resulted in my finding myself corralled in his office.

The idea of making a lawyer out of a Ruydam was perfect rot, and I told him as much.

Said he, "You'll like it in time."

"Not me," I said.

"But you've got to do something."

Now wasn't that a deuce of a remark to fling in a fellow's face? Of course I had to do something! Still, he needn't have ragged me about it.

"I think I'll go to Montana and raise sheep," I said.

I thought I would, too, for I'd heard there was no end of money in sheep. But that's always the way; when I mean to do a thing, somebody bobs up and talks me out of it. The somebody in this instance was Jackson Bond, whom I happened to run across at the club that same evening. Jackson is a chubby, cynical old boy who prides himself on being a man of the world; he's my godfather, old friend of the family, and all that sort of thing. Well, Jackson was no end glad to see me; asked me what I was doing, and how I was getting along.

I told him frankly how things stood. "Old Arnold chucked me into his office and started me reading Blackstone," I said, "but I can't make head or tail of the bally book, and, what's more, I don't want to. Haven't got a job for me in your pocket, have you?"

"Why, I don't know," said Jackson, looking me over. "You're not a bad-looking chap, Phil."

"Oh, I have my points," I said.

"You know no end of people, don't you?"

"Loads of 'em."

"And you can compliment the young ladies, and talk nicely to their mamas, and give little dinner-parties, and lead cotillions, and play bridge?"

"Sure, I can," I said. "But what the dickens——?"

"It's like this, Phil. A big French firm is putting a new brand of champagne on the market, and if you like I'll get you the agency."

"But how can I sell the stuff?"

"That's easy. Look at Freddie Worthington; he makes twenty-five thousand a year out of Green Label."

"Yes, but Freddie's hand in glove with the yellow set, and—why, dash it all, Jackson, it's not my style!"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars is a lot of money, Phil, and you could send your mother and the girls a nice little check now and then."

"Hang it all," I said, "since you put it that way, I'll accept."

"That's the boy, Phil. If you're going to live in New York, you must have money, and you mustn't be too fastidious about how you get it, either. Are you broke?"

"No; I've a few hundreds."

"Well, spend them. Take a nice apartment on Madison Avenue, and furnish it the best you know how, for you've got to have a place to entertain people; then order all the clothes from your tailor that you can possibly wear."

"I don't believe my tailor would trust me for such a large order," I said. "Besides——"

"I'll fix it up with your tailor," said Jackson. "I'll also see that you receive an invitation to stop for a week or two at Newport."

"I suppose I could visit the Foster Blacks," I said; "they're always inviting me."

"No; they won't do at all. You're going to stop with a Mrs. Douglas; she is breaking into society, and you'll come in handy as a club."

"She's that scandalously rich woman from Montana, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"That's funny. Before I saw you, I was thinking of going to Montana to raise sheep."

"You don't need to go to Montana to shear Montana sheep, Phil; New York is swarming with 'em."

"But I can't sell champagne to my hostess. Dash it all, Jackson, I don't like it!"

"You don't need to sell her anything, my boy. I'll write and explain the situation to her, and you see if your invitation and her order for a hundred cases of your champagne don't arrive by the same mail."

"But, dash it all——"

"Cut it, Phil. All you have to do is to make your visit and be as nice and helpful as you know how. Mrs. Douglas has a brand-new cottage, and she's crazy to meet the yellow set, as you call 'em."

"It isn't my name for them," I said. "I

selling, dinner-giving Freddie Worthing stuck in my crop, I can tell you. By George, I didn't see how I could do it, I didn't, honestly. Still, I had to do something. But I'd be dashed if I'd take an apartment, furnish it, and order a lot of things from my tailor. No, I'd stay on with Billy Coffman. Besides, I had plenty of clothes, and maybe Mrs. Thing-a-me-bob from Montana wouldn't invite me to Newport, after all.

She did, though. She wrote me a mighty nice letter saying she'd heard from Jackson Bond, an old friend of her late husband's, that I was starting in business, that she



"HANG IT ALL," I SAID, "SINCE YOU PUT IT THAT WAY, I'LL ACCEPT"

got it out of a book by a chap named Chambers."

Jackson laughed. "It fits 'em to a T," he said; "their money is yellow, and so are their manners; most of their women affect yellow hair, and most of their men have a yellow streak in 'em. But yellow's a good color, when you're mining or selling champagne, for it's a sure sign of pay-dirt, my boy, a sure sign."

Of course I knew Jackson was a wise old bird, while I was nothing but a downy fledgling, but, just the same, I didn't half like his way of looking at things; my pinfeathers pricked me a good deal after I left him. Hang it all, I was a Ruydam, even if I was up against it, and the idea of putting myself in the same class with champagne-

needed a hundred cases of my champagne, and would I care to run over next Saturday to stay as her guest for a week or so at Briarthorn Cottage? Really, it was no end of a cordial letter, words spelled correctly, as far as I could see. It's funny about spelling; if you haven't been properly educated, it's bad form to spell incorrectly, but when everybody knows you're a college man, it doesn't matter a bit how you spell.

I sat right down and accepted for Saturday, then wrote a note to Jackson telling him I was off for Newport in a few days, that Mrs. Douglas's order for a hundred cases of champagne had arrived, and for heaven's sake to wire me the name of the brand I was touting for. I don't believe Jackson can be much at business or he'd

The Reluctant Mr. Ruydam

have told me whom I was working for. Why, dash it all, that's important!

I received a telegram from him next morning which read,

Fontenay et Fils gold label forty dollars the case go in and win.

So I was working for Fontenay et Fils. One hundred cases, at forty dollars a case, was four thousand dollars. Four thousand dollars! Well, no doubt Mrs. Douglas could afford it. I wished Jackson had told me what my commission was, though.

I arrived at Newport, bag and baggage, a little before six Saturday afternoon; a groom met me at the station with a trap, and drove me to Briarthorn Cottage, and there I was, launched on my champagne career. I had a chance to say howdy-do to my hostess before dinner, and, by Jove! she wasn't at all as I had pictured her. I had thought of her as being woolly and Western, with no style to speak of, but—why, dash it all, she was a queen, tall and slender, not a day over twenty-six, with wonderful brown hair, and heavenly blue eyes; her skin was like satin, her nose would have made a Greek goddess envious, and her mouth was quite the sweetest mouth in the whole world.

The house was a corker, too—good lines outside, well furnished and well arranged inside, servants in livery, and all that sort of thing. I was given a man and a bully suite of rooms, was told there were motors and horses at my disposal, and that we dined at a quarter to eight. In short, I was treated like a prince.

After dinner, Mrs. Douglas and I went into the library—I'm not much on books, but I like looking at their backs. Queer, isn't it?—and a man brought coffee, and

cigarettes for me, and—why, hang it all, it was awfully comfy and homelike. Mrs. Douglas didn't mention champagne, which was deucedly considerate of her, I'm sure. Instead, she talked about Montana and what a nice place it was, and about my godfather and what a good friend he'd been to her husband. Of course I knew this was only her way of leading up to the yellow set, how she was to meet them, and what I could do for her.

She was so long in getting round to it, though, that it occurred to me maybe she was a bit embarrassed, so I jumped in like a gentleman to help her out.

"The Spender-Carrolls and the Willie Ackersons are stopping here this summer," I said. "Have you met them?"

"No," she replied. "Are they friends of yours?"

"Well—er—not exactly," I explained.

"I know 'em, but—"

"I'm glad of that," she said.

"But, I say, don't you want to meet them?"

"Do you think them very desirable people to meet?"

"Er—er—not exactly."

"Neither do I."

"But whom do you care to meet?"

"I don't know that I care to meet anyone, Mr. Ruydam."

"Why, I thought—" I began.

"What did you think, please?"

"Why, hang it all, Jackson Bond told me you—"

"Go on."

"I can't go on, really I can't; please don't ask me to."

She looked at me thoughtfully for a moment, then her eyes twinkled. "Oh, I see," she said. "Mr. Bond told you I was trying to get into society."



I HAD A CHANCE TO SAY HOWDY-DO TO MY HOSTESS BEFORE DINNER



ALL THE SYMPATHY I GOT WAS A LAUGH

"He told me something of the sort," I confessed; "that is, he probably didn't—I must have misunderstood him. But why did you order all that champagne?"

"Aren't a new house and an empty cellar sufficient excuse?"

"I suppose so," I said. "But, dash it all, Mrs. Douglas, why did you invite me here? Jackson said you were trying to break into society and I'd come in handy as a club. If you are not going in for that sort of thing, what made you send me that invitation?"

She laughed heartily. "My dear Mr. Ruydam," she said, "your godfather is a fraud."

"The worst kind," I agreed.

"He wrote me a very pretty letter about you."

"I'd like to see that letter."

"You can't, for it has been destroyed."

"Well, one thing is certain," I said; "whatever was in that letter wasn't true, and I'm here under false colors. If you'll allow me the use of a trap, Mrs. Douglas, I'll catch the midnight train for New York."

"You shall do nothing of the kind," she declared.

"But I must," I insisted.

"No, you mustn't," she replied; "it would be most unfair of you to leave now. Believe me, I can't allow it."

"But, dash it all, Mrs. Douglas, can't you see what an awful pickle I'm in?"

"Yes, I see," she said. "Now let us try what we can do in the way of explanation. To begin, I don't know your godfather, it seems, and that he doesn't know me goes without saying."

"But I thought——"

"My husband and Mr. Bond were the best of friends," she continued. "However, my husband was in New York a great deal, and I never was; when he went East on business, I always stayed in Montana. So, you see, while I feel that I've known your godfather for several years, I don't really know him, and he doesn't really know me."

"I should say not," I said.

"And when I decided to build at Newport, no doubt he concluded that I had an ulterior motive. As if Newport were not beautiful enough in itself to tempt anyone!"

"It is a stunning place," I agreed. "But that's just like a New Yorker. New Yorkers always imagine people are running after them, especially Westerners."

"I think it's disgusting," she said.

"So do I," I replied. "I liked you the minute I saw you, Mrs. Douglas. You're worth a hundred Spender-Carrolls and Willie Ackersons, you are, honestly."

She smiled.

"You wouldn't get on at all together," I said. "They'd disgust you, and you'd

The Reluctant Mr. Ruydam

bore them. I say, you don't hold anything against me, do you?"

"No, Mr. Ruydam."

"I'm glad of that. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll go up-stairs and superintend my packing."

"You're not leaving?"

"I've got to leave," I said. "I can't stop here, I can't, really. Besides, I want to get back to New York and tell Jackson Bond what I think of him."

"But I won't hear of your going now; it's too absurd!"

"I hate to go," I said, "I do, honestly, but I—I—why, dash it all, if you really want me, I'll stay."

"That's nice of you."

"You're uncommonly kind," I said. "There's one thing, though, that I must attend to at once. Is there a groom or boy about who can despatch a telegram for me to-night?"

"Yes, indeed. You'll find writing-materials on that desk yonder. When you are ready, touch this bell and William will see that your telegram is sent. And now, if you will excuse me, I'll say good night. If you would like your breakfast served in your room to-morrow morning, tell William, and if there is anything else you wish, please ask for it."

"Oh, I say," I exclaimed, "you're not going to bed, are you? Why, it's only half-past nine. Besides, I want you to see the telegram; it won't take me a minute to write it, I know exactly what I want to say. It's to Jackson Bond. I'm going to cancel that order of yours for a hundred cases of champagne, and hand in my resignation to Fontenay et Fils."

"But, my dear Mr. Ruydam, I wouldn't have you do that for the world!"

"Well, then, I suppose I'll have to go, after all."

"Go?"

"Yes, go. Do you suppose I can stay under your roof, having sold you four thousand dollars' worth of what may be the very worst champagne ever put on the market? You see, I don't know anything about it; I never heard of Fontenay et Fils before I became their agent. I can't advise you to buy their champagne, and even if I could, there's the commission I'd earn. I can't take money from my hostess, I can't, really."

"But Mr. Bond wrote me this agency

was an excellent thing for you. As for the commission, that's nonsense."

"Maybe it is," I said, "but just the same I can't take it. The whole affair is distasteful to me, and—and—I think I'll catch that midnight train back to New York, if you don't mind, Mrs. Douglas. While I appreciate your kindness and good nature, I can't impose upon you any further. If you really want a good champagne, I can recommend Veuve Montreuil. I'll send you a case from New York to try; I'm sure you'll like it. Well, good-by, Mrs. Douglas. You've been awfully nice to me, and I shall remember you always."

"I won't hear of your going," she said.

"I can't stay."

"You can if you send that telegram, can't you?"

"Of course."

"Then, send it. Mind, I don't approve of your sending it, but—well, I sha'n't like you any the less for doing what you consider the right thing."

"That settles it," I said. "I'll stay. There's only one thing I'm afraid of now, and that is that I'll fall in love with you."

"Why, Mr. Ruydam!"

"Yes, I shall, I'm sure of it. Perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned this, but I thought I ought to warn you how things stood. Probably you wouldn't ever love me though, and I suppose I'd better catch that midnight train for New York, after all."

Mrs. Douglas laughed. "If you prove as successful in business as you are in finding reasons for not staying in my house over-night, you'll go far in this world, Mr. Ruydam."

"I'm afraid you don't understand," I said. "You see, we Ruydams are used to considering ourselves gentlemen, and it bothers me—bothers me a lot—to find I've been thinking of you and acting toward you like a perfect bounder, it does, truly. Why, dash it all, I've insulted you, right here in your own house! I can't see how you can want me to stay, upon my word, I can't. Do you really want me to stay?"

"Do you want to stay, Mr. Ruydam?"

"I'm crazy to stay."

"Then please stay."

"But how can I be sure you want me? Maybe it's only politeness on your part."

"Perhaps it is only politeness on your part that makes you tell me you want to stay."

"Oh, I say," I said, "that's unkind!"

"Don't you think it a bit unkind to doubt my word when I say I shall be pleased if you stay?"

That was a facer, wasn't it?

"If you insist on my staying, I'll stay," I said.

"I can't insist on anyone staying in my house against his will, Mr. Ruydam."

"Then I'm sure I don't know what to do," I replied.

Mrs. Douglas laughed again, though there was nothing funny about it—it was

a certain dignity, even if we are paupers. I was offended, by George, and I showed it, too.

"I must beg that you excuse me," said Mrs. Douglas, wiping her eyes.

"There's nothing to excuse," I replied.

"Your suggestion that we hadn't been perfectly frank with each other rather upset me, you know," she said.

That showed she was a good woman, didn't it? She had wanted to be frank all



"THAT SETTLES IT," I CRIED. "I'M NEVER GOING TO LEAVE YOU—NEVER"

tragic, by George! There I was, not knowing whether to go or stay, and all the sympathy I got was a laugh.

"That settles it," I said, "I'll go."

"What settles what?" she asked.

"You are laughing at me."

"But I can't help laughing. This is such an extraordinary situation."

It hadn't occurred to me that it was so extraordinary, but I've a sense of humor; I saw the funny side of it myself. So we both laughed together.

"Now," I said, when we'd done laughing, "let's be frank with each other."

She's a peculiar woman, Mrs. Douglas. Do you know, that made her laugh harder than ever... We Ruydams have

along, and so had I, but neither of us had dared.

"Yes, let's be frank," I said.

"I'm beginning to believe I don't know how, Mr. Ruydam. Suppose you begin."

"Well," I said, "to be perfectly frank, I didn't want to come here at all, but my godfather made me."

As I said that Mrs. Douglas grew awfully red in the face. "Go o-on," she gasped.

"You see, I wanted to go to Montana and raise sheep, but Jackson insisted on my taking this champagne agency, so I took it, worse luck. And—and—here I am."

"Yes," said Mrs. Douglas, "here you are."

"And now that I've thrown over the

champagne business, I don't know what to do," I continued. "I want to stay here, and I want to go to Montana and raise sheep. Of course it would be easier to stay here, but—why, hang it all, Mrs. Douglas, I believe there's money in sheep, I do, really."

"But you haven't had any experience in raising sheep."

"I know," I said. "Still, if I go to Montana, I'm almost sure to get some."

"Yes," she admitted, "that's very true. The question is whether you'd like the experience after you got it."

"That's just it," I said. "I understand the bally things die on your hands, sometimes."

"I've heard that, too."

"Well, then, the question is, Shall I risk it, or sha'n't I?"

"I hardly know what to say."

"I think I'll risk it," I said. "It would be less awkward than staying here after everything that has happened; besides, I'd rather go to Montana. You don't mind my saying so, do you?"

Mrs. Douglas was laughing again; I never saw such a woman for laughing. It's a solemn thing for a young man on the threshold of life, as it were, to peer into the future, and, by George, when he's peering, it's bad form to laugh, isn't it? But a chap can't very well call his hostess down, can he? I must have shown that I was offended, though, for she began to apologize.

"Don't apologize," I said, "I'm sure you can't help it."

"No, I can't help it," she confessed, "but perhaps I can help you about the sheep question. I have large interests in Montana, and I think I know just the man for you to go to. You can live on his ranch for a time—he'd be most glad to have you, believe me—and if, after studying conditions there, you still feel that you want to go in for sheep, why, then you can."

"By Jove," I said, "I'll do it!"

That queen of a woman sat down, then and there, and wrote me a letter of introduction to the chap with a ranch in Montana. When she had finished it, she put it in an envelope she had addressed, and handed it to me.

"It's awfully sweet of you to have taken so much trouble," I said. "This letter makes the future look very bright."

"I'm glad of that," she said.

"And when the future looks bright,

there's no use worrying about the present, is there?"

"None at all."

"That settles it," I said. "May I ring now?"

"Please do."

"There's that telegram to be sent," I explained.

"And your things to be packed, and the trap to be ordered," she added.

"Bless the dear woman, what a kind soul she is!" I thought. Then my sense of humor got the better of me, and I laughed like everything.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," I said, "but here you are talking of a trap and my luggage, and it's too funny for words."

"What is funny about it?"

"Why, dash it all," I said, "I've decided to stay!"

Mrs. Douglas laughed. I was relieved to see that she had a sense of humor, too, for I never could get on with a woman who didn't have; we Ruydams are awfully peculiar that way.

Well, I wrote the telegram to Jackson that ended my champagne career, and Mrs. Douglas instructed William to see that it was despatched immediately.

"Now," I said, "since I'm going to stay, we might as well become acquainted."

"But isn't it rather late?"

"No," I said, "it isn't late; it's early. Besides, I'm your guest, and if I want to talk, you've got to listen; that's a penalty all hostesses have to pay. This is a bully room, and I like it, but I don't want to be left alone in it. I might as well be leaving for New York, if I'm to be left here alone."

"If that's the case, I suppose I shall have to stay and listen."

"It would be nice of you if you would; I'm crazy to hear all about Montana and sheep."

"But I thought I was to do the listening!"

"No," I said, "you're going to answer questions; I intend to put you through what the police call the third degree. You don't mind?"

"That depends."

"Oh, the questions aren't about yourself," I said; "they're about sheep. But first—please don't answer if you think it's none of my business—but—why, hang it all, I'm interested in you, Mrs. Douglas, and I'm dying to know how you happened to come to Newport to live, I am, honestly."

"Do you consider that so strange?"

"Yes, I do. When new people come to Newport it generally means they have the social bee in their bonnets, and you haven't at all. Do you mind telling me why you came here?"

"It is quite simple," she said. "In the West, the very rich are unpleasantly conspicuous, while here in Newport it is only the fast rich who are talked about and written up in the newspapers. I love Montana, but I grew so tired of seeing my name in the Montana papers, connected with all sorts of untruths, that I decided to go where I could seek shelter behind the social extravagances of my neighbors. Then, too, Newport is very beautiful. That is my reason for being here. I hope you approve."

"Approve? Well, rather! I hate women who like being conspicuous. You can't help being a bit conspicuous, though; you're too good looking, you are, really. I'm awfully interested in you. Do tell me some more."

"I thought you were interested in sheep."

"So I am," I said. "I'd sooner talk sheep than anything else in the world. What about sheep, anyway?"

"There are many things about sheep."

"They are foolish creatures, aren't they? They look foolish."

"I suppose they are foolish."

"And you shear 'em, and get wool, and all that sort of thing?"

"Yes, you shear them."

"Of course I don't know much about such things, but if wool fetched a good price, and you owned a lot of unusually woolly sheep, you'd stand to make a pot of money, wouldn't you?"

"Undoubtedly."

"I suppose you'd have to feed 'em, though, and that would cost something. What do you feed 'em, anyway—corn?"

"You turn them out in charge of a man, and let them graze."

"Then I fancy I'd have to own some land."

"Yes, you'd have to own some land."

"Much land?"

"Some of our sheep-ranches in Montana contain several thousand acres."

"But surely one could get along with less. I don't believe I'll have enough sheep to cover several thousand acres, at least, not to commence with. When they begin multi-

plying, and all that sort of thing, it will be time enough to think of more land, won't it? Perhaps I'd better take some old English sheep-dogs out with me; they're quite the rage in New York now, you know. Jack Preston paid eight hundred dollars for his. If they fetch eight hundred in New York, they ought to bring twice as much in Montana, it seems to me, for they'd be useful out there. But, I say, it sounds lonely, living on a ranch all by oneself."

"You'd have to employ a man or two."

"Still, they wouldn't be much company. Now if you were living in Montana!"

"I do live in Montana part of the year."

"That's jolly. I can visit you there, and you can visit me. I'll build a nice cabin and furnish it up in style, just for you. You and your maid can have it all to yourselves, only of course you and I will have our meals together. You will come, won't you?"

"I should love to come, but——"

"Why, dash it all, you'll have to come, Mrs. Douglas! Here I am visiting you this minute, and if I can visit you, you can visit me. If you won't promise to visit me, I'm hanged if I'll visit you; I'll catch that midnight train for New York, I will, really."

"Isn't it a little soon to talk of my visiting you in Montana?"

"Not a bit," I said. "I want you to, and I shall be no end disappointed if you don't. You will, won't you?"

"Perhaps."

"Don't say perhaps, say yes. I won't go to Montana; no, by George, I'll not go near the place, unless you promise to visit me!"

"Very well, I'll promise."

"And of course I shall visit you, too."

"Of course."

"Now about that cabin I'm going to build for you. There will be three rooms and a bath, I fancy—a bedroom and a bath for you, a room for your maid, and a good big sitting-room—something very comfortable and homelike, like this room, for instance. By Jove, I'll duplicate this room for you, that's what I'll do!"

"Wouldn't that be rather expensive?"

"Expense be hanged!" I said. "I've a few hundreds, and I can think of nothing that would give me more pleasure than building a little cabin for you."

"But you must buy your sheep first."

"The sheep can wait," I said. "If I bought sheep, and anything happened to

them, I'd look silly, wouldn't I? But if I built a cabin for you, and you came to visit me, why, then I'd have something to show for it. I may be a muff in some ways, but I know what I want, and when it comes to choosing between you and sheep, I choose you every time."

"You are very complimentary, but hardly practical, Mr. Ruydam."

"I didn't mean to be complimentary," I said. "Where do you live when you're in Montana, Mrs. Douglas?"

"I have a house in Helena."

"Then I'll buy a ranch near there, about twenty miles away, I think; that would be just a nice drive. You will come to see me often, won't you?"

"I suppose so."

"I'll get awfully lonely if you don't. If you were all by yourself on a ranch, lonely and blue, I'd come to see you nearly every day, I would, honestly. Think of me, Mrs. Douglas, all alone on my ranch, with no one to talk to but sheep, and prairie-dogs, and coyotes, and—and—other animals. I should probably end by going quite mad, and then you'd be sorry."

"What a dreadful picture!"

"You will promise to visit me often, won't you?"

"I'll come as often as I can."

"I suppose you are interested in lots of people out there."

"I have my business interests."

"It must be a dashed nuisance to have to look after 'em."

"It is, rather."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," I said.

"You'll come out and visit me and give me advice about my sheep, and then I'll return with you to Helena and help you with your affairs; I'm rather good at business and all that sort of thing. Besides, then, you see, we could always be together."

"But why should we always be together, Mr. Ruydam?"

"Because—because—why, dash it all, I want to be with you always. It's funny, isn't it? I never felt like that before. I must be in love with you."

"I'm sure you're not."

"Yes, I am. I know I am. I've been

hating calling you Mrs. Douglas for the last fifteen minutes. I want to call you by your first name. What is your other name?"

"My other name is Suzanne, but I hardly think you need call me by it."

"Yes, I must," I said. "I'll call you Suzanne, and you'll call me Phil. You will, won't you, Suzanne?"

"But, my dear Mr. Ruydam——"

"Not Mr. Ruydam—Phil. Call me Phil."

"Well, then, my dear Phil, you are most amusing, and utterly unreasonable."

"That's right," I said, "you call me your dear Phil, and I'll call you my dear Suzanne. You are my dear Suzanne, you know."

"But I'm not!"

"Yes, you are; you've got to be. Why, my dear girl, we were made for each other. Besides, you had no business inviting me down here if you weren't going to marry me, you hadn't, truly. I'm glad I canceled the order for that champagne. Fancy selling champagne to one's wife! I'll make a bully rancher, though, and we'll raise no end of sheep, you see if we don't. I've sixteen hundred dollars of my own, and with what you have, we'll be pretty comfortably off, it seems to me. And even if we aren't, we'll have each other, and that's the only thing in the world that really counts."

"You are a most extraordinary person," she said. "I wonder if you know what you are saying!"

"I don't mean to be extraordinary," I replied. "I don't, honestly. I suppose you think I'm too conventional. Do you, Suzanne?"

She smiled. "No, I shouldn't call you conventional."

"You called me extraordinary."

"You are extraordinary."

"Of course you couldn't love anyone whom you thought extraordinary."

She studied me earnestly with those wonderful blue eyes of hers. "I almost believe I could," she said.

"That settles it," I cried. "I'm never going to leave you—never!"

And I never did.



Steam Turbines and the Future

HOW THE SIMPLEST TYPE OF STEAM-ENGINE HAS BEEN DEVELOPED TO PRACTICAL SUCCESS. EXPLANATION OF THE STEAM TURBINE. AND THE WONDERFUL RESULTS IT HAS ACCOMPLISHED

By Waldemar Kaempffert



A STRAIGHT line is the shortest distance between two points. A steam turbine is the shortest distance between the boiler and the driven shaft. In order that we may clearly understand the significance of this directness we must first contrast the turbine with the older engine whose place it is usurping.

The gigantic machines on which we have hitherto depended for our steam-power are called reciprocating engines by technical men. Stripped of its mystery, that apparently impressive word "reciprocating" means, in every-day language, simply motion to and fro. Walk up and down your room in a straight line, and you reciprocate, in engineering parlance. The walking-beam of a paddle-wheel steamboat reciprocates as it rocks. Anything that travels to and fro has a reciprocating motion. Because of its name it must follow that something in the reciprocating engine moves to and fro. That something is a piston, a cylindrical block of steel that fits snugly in a cylinder. If you blow air or steam in one end of the cylinder you force the piston away; if you blow air or steam in the other end you drive the piston back again. Continue this alternate blowing in each end of the cylinder, and you have a very crude reciprocating engine.

The propellers of a ship and the driving-wheels of a locomotive describe circles. On the other hand, the piston of the reciprocating engine, by which both are driven, moves to and fro in a straight line. Clearly the next step is to convert the straight-line motion of the piston into circular motion. How? Study the family sewing-machine. You will observe that the treadle is con-

nected by a pivoted vertical rod with a large wheel that drives the sewing-mechanism. That rod is called a crank. The lower end of the crank moves up and down. The upper end, where it is pivoted to the wheel, describes a circle. A crank of some form is therefore to be found on every steamship or locomotive in order to convert the straight-line motion of the piston into circular motion at the propeller shaft or the driving-wheel. It was the application of the crank to the steam-pumps of his day which constituted one of the most brilliant inventions of James Watt and gave us the reciprocating engine.

SIMPLEST TYPE OF STEAM-ENGINE

The inquiring man with a taste for mechanics who has watched the incessant straight-line motion of a steamship's reciprocating engine and its cumbersome translation into rotary motion has probably asked himself: Why is it not possible so to utilize steam as to turn the propeller shaft directly? Why should it be necessary to move a piston up and down? That is the very feat which the steam turbine performs. The propeller shaft is the turbine shaft, and steam is used to spin that shaft without any mechanical intervention other than the elements of the turbine itself. That is why the steam turbine is the shortest distance between the boiler and the driven shaft.

If there were such a human being as an exceedingly ingenious mechanic who had never seen a reciprocating engine and knew absolutely nothing about it; if that mechanic were provided with the requisite tools, locked in a machine-shop, and told that he would be released only when he had fashioned a motor driven by steam, he would probably earn his freedom by inventing a turbine of some form—all because the

turbine is, perhaps, the simplest type of steam-engine ever conceived. Indeed, so simple is it that even the Greeks, who achieved very little in mechanical engineering, were more or less familiar with its principles. The steam-engine with which Heron of Alexandria astonished his fellow-citizens more than a century before the Christian era, and which is usually cited as an instance of ancient familiarity with modern mechanism, was nothing but a turbine. When he determined to invent a machine for using steam-power, the great James Watt himself first hit on a form of turbine. He abandoned it, however, for good technical reasons, and transformed the contemporary steam-pump for draining mines into a reciprocating engine, thereby paralyzing general interest in the steam turbine. For a century and a half never an engineer dared to design a steam-engine but he so clothed it with valves and rods that he bewildered the man in the street who sought to ascertain why it was that a locomotive or a steamship really moved. Finally, when engines assumed such immense proportions and their construction became increasingly difficult, the hour of the turbine arrived.

PRINCIPLE OF THE TURBINE

Although the principle of the turbine is simplicity itself, it is difficult to describe the machine in plain words. Perhaps the nearest equivalent is a pinwheel. The little vanes that constitute the wheel are the so-called "blades" of a turbine; the pin is the shaft. Because it costs too much in steam and, therefore, in fuel to blow steam against the blades in the open air, the wheel is enclosed in a steam-tight cylinder; and in order to get greater power, or, in other words, a greater purchase on the wheel, the blades are placed much farther from the shaft than are the vanes of a pinwheel.

The efficiency of the turbine as a piece of mechanism depends very largely on the shape of the blades. If they are not of the right form it is not possible to use the blast of steam with that perfection which every engineer strives to attain. Consequently, we find that many inventors have labored long and wearily, and have made countless experiments with surfaces and steam-nozzles of all sizes and shapes in order to ascertain just the right form of blade. Successful as the turbine is, that task is by no means ended. Perhaps the engineer who has made the

closest study of this question of the proper form of blades is the Hon. Charles A. Parsons, an Englishman who made the turbine industrially practicable on a large scale, and who designed the wonderful engines that sent the *Lusitania* across the Atlantic Ocean in record-breaking time.

THE PARSONS TURBINE

In the Parsons turbine, which is the turbine we hear most frequently discussed, and which is most widely used, the child's pinwheel is considerably multiplied, so that the turbine assumes the aspect of a large number of wheels strung along in a row. These numerous wheels constitute a kind of drum carried upon a central shaft and enclosed in a cylinder. Instead of making the wheels separately and then combining them, which could be done but would hardly be a praiseworthy manufacturing method, the blades are fixed in rings on the steel drum. Very small for the most part and exceedingly numerous are these blades. In the *Lusitania* and the *Mauretania*, the turbines are provided with approximately three million, all told, every one tediously fastened in place by hand.

From the pinwheel simile it must not be inferred that each ring of blades in a Parsons turbine is subjected to the force of an individual jet of steam blown against the ring in the direction of its rotation. Mr. Parsons blows a single current of steam from one end of the cylinder to the other at right angles to the direction of rotation, and subdivides it into little jets, each playing upon successive blades. Therein lies the essential and novel feature of his turbine. He effects the subdivision by studding the inner surface of the long cylinder which encloses the drum with rings of blades fitting or dovetailing between the drum blades. The cylinder blades are fixed; the drum blades turn. It is the function of the fixed blades to guide the tiny streams of steam to the moving drum blades at the proper angle. The accompanying diagram explains this more clearly, and illustrates the manner in which the steam flows through the turbine.

As the steam enters one end of the cylinder it encounters on the inside of the encasing cylinder a ring of fixed blades, which serve to direct it to the first ring of moving blades. You will observe that the moving blades are curved. If they were

flat there would be so much commotion among the particles of steam that much energy would be lost, which is the very obstacle that turbine-designers seek to overcome in designing a correct form of blade. Just as the inmates of a burning building impede one another in frantically endeavoring to escape, so the molecules of steam interfere with one another if they spurt against a flat blade. Hence the curve. You will notice that the moving blades are not merely curved but curved in such a way that the steam is hurled against the blades with the least possible shock but with the greatest amount of propulsive force.

As soon as a jet of steam strikes the edge of a moving blade, the drum carrying all the moving blades begins to turn. As it travels out of the moving blade, the steam recoils on the blade and gives it an additional push, which corresponds with the "kick" of a gun. In other words, the moving blades are so curved that the full force of the steam is doubly utilized by impact and by reaction. After leaving the first set of moving blades the steam enters another ring of fixed blades, which serve the purpose of sending it in the proper direction against the following ring of moving blades. Thus the steam literally writhes through the turbine, worming its way from fixed blade to moving blade, until its energy is exhausted in a parting "kick" administered to the last ring of moving blades.

In its journey from one end of the turbine to the other the steam is constantly expanding, which means that it is exerting pressure. That pressure is slightly lessened after the steam has left any given ring of moving blades, for which reason the space naturally filled by the steam necessarily increases. Proper allowance for this increase in volume is made by augmenting the length of the

blades and consequently the passage area between them, toward the outlet end of the turbine. This accounts for the uneven size of the bladed rings.

TURBINES AND THE QUESTION OF SPEED

The turbine is essentially a high-speed machine. Steam is flashed from one end of the cylinder to the other in a fraction of a second. In the *Lusitania's* turbines, the drum with its rings of blades is twisted around at the rate of 11,500 feet a minute—more than twice as fast as an express train. Such a terrific speed imposes so severe a strain even on the toughest steel that turbine-

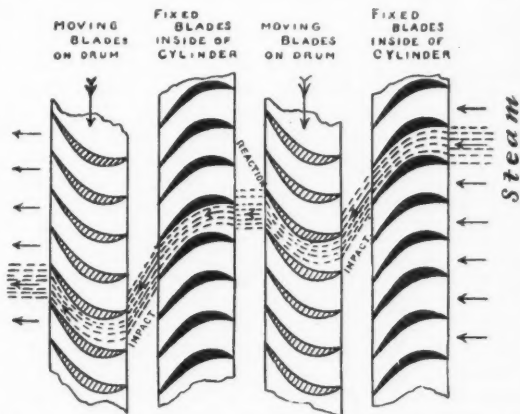


DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW STEAM PASSES THROUGH THE FIXED AND MOVING BLADES OF A TURBINE ENGINE

designing a few years ago, when the speeds were often five times as great, was a very hazardous undertaking. Suppose you were clinging to an enormous fly-wheel rotating with a constantly increasing velocity. At first you would succeed in holding fast to the rim, but finally a point would be reached at which the speed of rotation would be so high that you would be flung away by centrifugal force. And thus in a turbine, if it be driven too hard, centrifugal strains are set up which may produce severe distortions. Happily this possibility is rather remote, because a way has been found to drive the turbine at a rate which will not utterly reduce it to a mass of twisted metal. For all that, its rotation is swift, so swift that when it is working its hardest it seems to be at rest. Only the quivering needles of the steam-gages indicate the work which the steam is performing. At first, not a little difficulty was experienced in devising a means of causing the turbine to run at a more modest speed without using up too much steam and, therefore, coal. If an engine consumes proportionately less steam at high speeds than

at low, nothing is gained by attempting to reduce the velocity. Here a critical mind may suggest that if it is cheaper to run a turbine at high speed, why trouble about reducing the velocity at all? Why not let the drum spin at top speed and get the most out of it?

EARLY DIFFICULTIES AND IMPROVEMENTS

This will do admirably on land in driving a dynamo, and the early Parsons turbines, installed in power-plants, made from four to eighteen thousand revolutions a minute. On shipboard new and unexpected obstacles must be overcome. When Mr. Parsons first made the experiment of applying his engine to the torpedo-boat *Turbinia*, in 1894, he found that the screw propeller was a very whimsical device, and that it required much humoring before it would work in harmony with his high-speed turbine. Such was the inconceivable velocity of the turbine that the water inevitably derived a certain rotation from the propeller, with the result that centrifugal force came into play. A kind of submarine maelstrom was formed surrounding the propeller, so that the blades were whirling around in a partial vacuum. The phenomenon, called cavitation, seriously affected the speed of the boat. He found himself, therefore, in this dilemma: If he reduced the speed of his turbines so that cavitation was avoided and the boat driven ahead at a good speed, his engines devoured too much steam, and the fires too much coal; if he ran the turbines at top speed and used little steam and coal his boat made little progress. Eventually he succeeded in so far checking his turbines that the *Turbinia*, the first vessel of her kind, was driven at a speed of $34\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour. Even at that rate the propeller shafts were making two thousand revolutions a minute. It is a far cry from this dizzy number to the two hundred turns a minute made by the screws of the *Lusitania*.

The device of arranging the blades in ever-increasing rings was invented for the very purpose of enabling the marine turbine to do its work at comparatively low velocities without consuming excessive amounts of fuel and steam. Obviously, if the pressure of the steam is all expended against a single wheel, a very much higher velocity of rotation is attained than if the same pressure is made to turn many wheels. The greater the number of bladed rings the

slower, therefore, will be the speed of rotation. Thus it happens that in large turbines there may be as many as eighty bladed rings mounted on the drum, and that the more swiftly spinning turbines used on land have fewer blades than the turbines of the *Lusitania* and *Mauretania*. Furthermore, on large steamships, the steam is not permitted to exert its full pressure in a single turbine, but is passed from the first or high-pressure turbine to one or two low-pressure turbines, so that the shaft may be turned at a speed sufficiently reduced to permit the propellers to grip the water effectively.

From the peculiar shape of the blades it is evident that the Parsons turbine can hardly be reversed with any degree of efficiency. Indeed, the shafts of most turbines will always spin in the same direction regardless of the direction of the steam-flow. On war-ships the difficulty is more formidable than on a passenger-steamer; for in battle a ship must be able to maneuver quickly. In order to remedy the fault, if remedy it can be called, a special reversing turbine must be mounted on the same shaft with one of the driving turbines. To send the ship astern the steam is cut off from the regular turbines and sent through the reversing turbines. On large ocean steamships two such reversing turbines are usually to be found, able to drive a vessel astern with about one-half the full speed ahead.

VIRTUES OF THE TURBINE

Against this one drawback to the employment of the marine steam turbine a dozen and more virtues can be opposed. Compared with the reciprocating engine, the turbine is able to show greater speed of propulsion, a more sparing use of steam, greater compactness, resulting in increased passenger- and freight-carrying capacity; reduction of vibration, which means that a passenger can sleep soundly even though his stateroom be near the engine-room; greater safety on war-ships, because the turbine lies completely below the water-line; less weight, because there are fewer parts; easier inspection, which means a smaller engine-room staff; and, lastly, a small repair-bill for the owners of the ship. When a turbine steamer is tied to her wharf, her engineers have very little to do beyond examining and repairing her boilers. When a steamship with reciprocating engines enters

port, a regiment of machinists are turned loose in her engine-room—men whose duty it is to clean the rods and links and wheels, and to tune up the engines for the next run. The racking strains of the great piston masses of a reciprocating engine must necessarily have their effect, no matter how nicely balanced the moving parts may be.

So quietly has the turbine been supplanting the reciprocating engine that it comes almost with a shock of surprise to learn that the tonnage of turbine steamers now in commission amounts to fourteen hundred thousand. Inasmuch as the largest turbine steamships yet built develop eighty thousand horse-power (almost enough to run the cars of the New York subway

during the busiest hours), it is necessary to burn forty-five tons of coal an hour, or about eleven hundred tons a day to supply enough steam. In other words, each ship must stow in her bunkers not less than seven thousand tons of coal for a single trip, leaving a margin for contingencies that may extend the time of passage. The enclosing cylinders of the turbines are sixteen and one-half feet in diameter. A horse and cart could easily pass down one of the pipes that lead the spent steam from the turbines. Gigantic as the turbines are, they are almost diminutive compared with the reciprocating engines which would have been required to send the *Lusitania* across the Atlantic Ocean in less than five days.

The Little Story of a Little Investor

By One of the Sufferers



SUPPOSE that the idea of investing in street-railway shares must have germinated in my mind along in the latter part of 1893, because its origin was doubtless in the circumstance of my reading that William C. Whitney had purchased the Broadway line and the

Pavonia and South Ferry lines, and had consolidated them under the name of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company. It was hinted at the time that his project was to obtain control of all the other street-car lines in New York, and I remember pondering upon the tremendous fortune within the grasp of the man, or men, who might acquire a monopoly of the passenger-carrying trade in this great and growing city.

I then had a very respectable sum in the bank, for I had been saving ever since my marriage, which had taken place on my twenty-fifth birthday, eighteen years before. Catharine and I had arranged our system of domestic economy before the wedding, and had lived up to it ever since. It should be

understood that, while I consider myself as good an accountant as they make them, I recognize my limitations. I had told Catharine when I proposed to her that I would probably be nothing greater than a first-rate bookkeeper, at a first-rate bookkeeper's salary, all my life. I had made one small commercial venture on my own account when I was only twenty-three, and had discovered that I lacked the courage, the nerve, or whatever the essential quality is, for the successful conduct of business. Thereafter I knew that I would be compelled to rely upon what I could earn for my subsistence and whatever else life was to afford me; and, as I am not exactly a fool, in spite of my limitations, I determined to fit myself to obtain as large a salary as possible. The result is that I have held a well-paid position in one of the leading mercantile houses of New York for twenty-six years, and have reason to believe that I am highly regarded by my employers.

Doubtless many people will look down upon me as a poor-spirited fellow. However, Catharine did not; and as a little with contentment is great gain we were very happy indeed—until the catastrophe

The Little Story

occurred. Our tastes were moderate, but my salary enabled us to dress reasonably well and bring up the children respectably, besides putting aside a certain amount each week. We realized that the comfort of our declining years would depend entirely on our savings, and hence we entered into a solemn compact not to withdraw a single cent from the bank until the amount on deposit should be sufficient for investment in dividend-bearing securities. It came hard once or twice, in cases of severe illness, not to disturb our savings, but we adhered to our resolution, and the amount grew steadily until, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of our wedding and the fiftieth of my birth, in the year 1900, it had reached the sum of \$22,500.

During the entire quarter of a century that we were slowly accumulating our fortune I do not believe that any man in New York, with as big a salary as mine, spent less on himself than I. I had given up smoking before my marriage, so that expense was cut off, and I ate cheaper lunches than anyone else I knew. I never either took a drink or bought one for anybody else. In fact, the others in the office considered me close to the verge of meanness. Catharine and I used to go to the theater occasionally during the first few years of our married life, but the expense seemed so great that we gradually gave it up, and for the ten years previous to our twenty-fifth anniversary we had not been inside of a playhouse. We had determined all along, however, to allow ourselves more recreation when we should have a regular income in addition to my salary.

Catharine and I had discussed the investment of our money when the amount reached ten thousand dollars, and again when it had mounted up to fifteen thousand, and afterward when it reached twenty thousand; but as it was drawing interest in the savings bank, where it was absolutely secure, we never quite brought ourselves to take it out for investment where it would bring us in more. Now, however, that it had been accumulating for twenty-five years, we agreed that it was silly not to place it where we might realize more than three and a half per cent. We decided accordingly to take the momentous step.

WHITNEY'S SCHEME FOR CONSOLIDATION

During the seven years that had elapsed since I first read about Whitney's scheme

for consolidating the street-car lines, he had accomplished that object, and Metropolitan Street Railway stock had gone 'way above the two hundred mark on the Stock Exchange. I had come to know a stock-broker, who lived near me, through our meeting frequently on the elevated road going and coming from business, and he gave me a great deal of information about the Metropolitan from time to time. Whitney, he told me, had associated with him two big Philadelphia capitalists, P. A. B. Widener and W. L. Elkins, and a younger man named Ryan, who, although known primarily as a protégé of Whitney's, already had the reputation in the financial district, among the knowing ones, of being one of the shrewdest and ablest of them all. Altogether the Metropolitan crowd was a combination of brains and capital, the broker said, that could not fail to accomplish whatever it set out to do.

For my part, the name of William C. Whitney would have been a sufficient guarantee of the success of any venture. To me he stood as one of the first citizens of the Republic. I remembered him as corporation counsel, a position he had occupied for seven years, and as secretary of the navy during Cleveland's first administration. It had been current gossip at the beginning of Cleveland's second term that Whitney might have had the highest position in the cabinet, that of secretary of state, or the most sought-for post in the diplomatic service, that of minister to England.

I knew that, while Whitney came of a distinguished Massachusetts family, he had made his own way in politics, finance, and society, and I had the more confidence in him on that account. Coming to New York in the sixties of the last century, a recent alumnus of the Harvard Law School, having previously been graduated from Yale, his diploma, a keen intelligence, and a charming personality as his sole possessions, he had married one of the greatest heiresses of the day before he was thirty years of age. There had been no setback in all his career. He had advanced from one position of trust to another. He was eminently successful in all his commercial undertakings. Taking up racing as a recreation, he owned a stable of three hundred thoroughbreds, and won classical events in England and the United States. His two sons married into leading American families, those of Van-

derbilt and Hay, and a daughter into the English aristocracy. To crown everything, in my view, there was no sordid side to Whitney's character; his successes had been due entirely to native ability.

One thing I could not quite understand was why Metropolitan Street Railway stock, that had been above 200, should have come down to 180, but my friend the broker explained that the fluctuation was brought about by manipulation in Wall Street, and really had nothing to do with the actual value of the stock. He agreed with me that I could not do better than to invest my savings in Metropolitan.

"It is almost the only seven per cent. investment," he said, "that you know all about yourself. You can go out into the street any time and see the operation of the business that is making your money for you, and it is a business that is bound to increase as the population grows. Why, the newspapers say that there are a million fares paid in New York street-cars daily, which means——"

"TWENTY TO FIFTY PER CENT."

My friend did some figuring on the back of an envelope, and announced that a million fares a day, at five cents each, amounted to more than seventeen million dollars a year, and that no small part of that amount, after the running expenses were deducted, was clear profit to be divided among the stockholders. "And there is no telling," he continued, "to what dimensions the business will grow. Within a few years New York is going to be the most populous city in the world, and our street-railway system, already the greatest in existence, will have to be extended to keep pace with this growth, becoming a more valuable property all the time. Why, the way things look now, Metropolitan Street Railway stock ought to pay a dividend of from twenty to fifty per cent. within the next ten years."

Catharine and I had been discussing investments, with cumulative interest as our savings increased, during our entire married life. We had considered the purchase of real estate, but that involved building, or taxes and repairs, or non-paying tenants, and was too much like business, which I did not feel myself competent to transact. We had long since decided, in fact, that shares in some sound company, from which we might obtain regular dividends, were the

thing to put our money into, and we finally concluded that the Metropolitan Street Railway was our best opportunity. Not only would it begin to pay us immediately, but it contained potentialities of wealth beyond, at any rate, our dreams of avarice. We might even be able to keep a carriage in our old age.

Metropolitan Street Railway had dropped to 179 at the time I invested our fortune, receiving a certificate for 125 shares of the stock. I now had a new interest in life. I found myself counting the passengers on the street-cars, and calculating how much revenue a load of them, at five cents each, was bringing to my company. I even took pleasure in clinging with others to a strap in a crowded car, since that meant so many more fares with which to pay my dividends, and I was annoyed if I thought the conductor had missed anyone in making collections.

The day that the check for the first quarterly dividend on our stock arrived marked an epoch in my life. For the first time since our marriage I felt a lightening of the burden of pecuniary responsibility I had borne so long. I was now sure of at least \$875 each year in addition to my salary, and its possibilities seemed enormous. Ten years, twenty years, seemed to have been taken away from my half-century. Catharine actually shed tears of joy.

"Doesn't it more than pay you, dear, for giving up cigars and your club, and even for eating cheap lunches and wearing ready-made clothes?" she asked, with her arm about my neck.

We took a larger apartment, now that our rent was more than paid without touching my salary, and were enabled to increase our modest household expenses at many points. The quarterly dividends came along regularly; and, two years after the original investment in Metropolitan, Catharine having received \$5,000 as her share of the estate of her father, we decided to put that into the same stock. She "got in" cheaper than I, for it had gone down to 169, so that she was enabled to purchase twenty-nine shares. Our income was now augmented by \$203, which gave us more than a thousand a year, aside from what I earned. I heard so much about the rapidity with which the population was increasing and so many complaints that there were not enough street-cars to carry the people, that I would

not have been surprised at any time to have had our dividend increased to ten per cent.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

Just after Catharine made her investment we received a notification to the effect that the Metropolitan Street Railway Company was to be leased by the New York City Street Railway Company, with a capital stock of twenty million dollars, and that our dividend was to be guaranteed by the new company. Our proxy in favor of the lease was requested. I was somewhat surprised that so important a move had been made without our being aware of it; but, on making inquiries of my friend the broker, I learned that practically the same men controlled the new company. We couldn't exactly understand why the samemen should form another company to lease its own property, but the broker said that the move was perhaps technically necessary in order to increase the capital stock from the \$13,500,000 at which the Metropolitan Street Railway Company was capitalized. We therefore gave our formal assent.

However, as my dividends were paid regularly, I was not disposed to bother myself about technicalities, even when on carefully reading the notification again I observed that the New York City Street Railway Company had been purchased by the Metropolitan Securities Company, which had been organized for that purpose with a capital stock of thirty million dollars. Whitney was still in control, and that was enough for me. Even though Metropolitan Street Railway Company was quoted lower and lower on the Stock Exchange, I was confident that he knew what he was about in allowing it to drop; and, as the broker said, the dividends were what made a stock valuable. If it occurred to me that the increase of the capital stock might mean more stock on which to pay dividends, I dismissed the idea that anything irregular was in process on reflecting that the great financiers whose money, as well as my own, was invested in the street-railway monopoly probably knew more about the business than I did.

My friend the broker took pains to explain to me one day just how masterfully the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, or the Metropolitan Securities Company (which were somehow identical, and yet existed apart from each other), was equipped

at all points. Such men as Whitney, Ryan, Widener, and Elkins were reenforced on the directorate by others as well known in the world of commerce, among them Mortimer L. Schiff, Edward J. Berwind, Thomas Dolan, and Paul D. Cravath. Elihu Root, a former cabinet member, whom President Roosevelt had publicly declared to be one of the best and ablest men in America, was known to be personal counsel for Ryan, the most active member of the board. A nephew of Root's was an official of the railway company, and at the head of the executive department was H. H. Vreeland, who had worked his way up from a laborer, and knew all there was to know about the practical running of street-railways. What more than anything else demonstrated Whitney's acumen, in the view of the broker, however, was the fact that he was able to control street-railway legislation on both sides of the house in the Albany legislature, Lemuel Ely Quigg, former chairman of the Republican state committee, backed by Sen. Thomas C. Platt, being in the pay of the company on the one hand, and former Mayor Hugh J. Grant, representing Richard Croker, boss of Tammany Hall, on the other.

Although I had never even seen William C. Whitney, I was a genuine mourner when his sudden death occurred in 1904, for I conceived him to be my benefactor in that his was the idea of consolidating the street-railways of New York, as the result of which I was drawing my dividends. Somewhat to my surprise, although the business of the street-railways continued to increase, the dividend did not rise above seven per cent. However, when, in 1906, the surface-road monopoly was merged with that of the subway and the elevated roads, as the Interborough-Metropolitan Company, under one management, with another great capitalist in the person of August Belmont at its head, I was sure that an increased dividend was not far distant. In common with the other stockholders I exchanged my Metropolitan shares for stock of the new company, being assured that the five per cent. dividend paid on the new stock would soon be doubled.

I had been alternately pained and indignant for some time previous to Whitney's death, and afterward, by the fact that he and others of the management of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company were fre-

quently and persistently assailed in certain newspapers as untrustworthy and corrupt. I spoke to the broker about it, and he told me that it was mere newspaper agitation, led by a journal whose owner was an anarchist. These attacks on men of standing, he said, were for the purpose of creating sensations and thus selling more papers. I found that most of the men in my office were of the same opinion, and it was a source of continual wonder to us that the editors were not locked up for criminal libel.

THE CALAMITY

My amazement and consternation were all the greater, in consequence, when, within eighteen months of the formation of the Interborough-Metropolitan merger, the calamity occurred. My dividends, which, through the merger, were first reduced to five per cent., afterward dropped altogether, and then the Metropolitan Street Railway Company was thrown into the hands of receivers, and my stock was worthless! The property had been deliberately wrecked by the eminent men in whom I had placed my confidence. The newspapers estimated that the aggregate capitalization of the various surface, elevated, and subway lines represented in the merger was roughly six hundred million dollars, and that the successive capitalizations from the time Whit-

ney formed his first railway combination represented a looting of investors on the one hand, and of the public on the other, of more than four hundred million dollars. Incidentally it may be remarked that our savings, representing the economies and self-denials of a quarter of a century, went to swell that enormous sum. They were stolen from us as absolutely as if Whitney, Ryan, and the others had robbed me on my way from the bank, and at fifty-seven years of age I have to begin again to save for what little pittance it may bring me in my old age.

I must confess, though I shall probably be laughed at, that I was so simple as to believe, when I learned that receivers had been applied for to take charge of the affairs of the Metropolitan, that men would be put into the positions whose sympathies were likely to be with the victims, rather than with the wreckers. Instead a judge, who obtained his appointment through Whitney, has appointed friends and business associates of the wreckers as receivers, and they have engaged another protégé of Whitney's as their counsel, and what is left of the wreckage is likely to go in fees. For my part, I would feel better if we might have dragged Ferdinand Ward from obscurity and extradited Alfred Goslin, to act as receivers, and brought Patrick down from Sing Sing for their legal adviser.



At the Needle's Eye

By E. H. Clement

LORD, let me sleep to-night or let me die.
 These plans will take a hundred millions more:
 Six millions everywhere I've given before—
 Sixteen times six is ninety-six; that's nigh
 The hundred—that I'll make it, shall we say?
 Or twice a hundred? Only let sleep stay
 Upon my eyelids that I may not see
 Forever men I've ruined, crushed, or blocked—
 This face and that, white, tortured, pleading, shocked—
 Poverty's great hosts taxed in their needs for me.
 Show me but how to reach them, I'll return
 Dollar for dollar and a dollar new,
 To every woman, child, and man his due.
 Ah, 'tis these mulcted poor that make my eyeballs burn!

A Defense of the Actor

THE BAD DRAMATIC TASTE OF THE PUBLIC IS RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE DETERIORATION OF THE ACTOR'S ART. A CONDITION
THAT IS UNJUSTLY ATTRIBUTED TO THE PLAYER HIMSELF

By Alan Dale



LET the poor actor act, and for heaven's sake stop worrying about his dramatic, his social, and his moral shortcomings!

In these hectic days of financial ruffians and desperadoes, of political thugs and black-legs, of self-advertising clergymen, of quacks, charlatans, and impostors in most of the walks of life, it is somewhat grotesque to note the persistent pummeling of the poor actor chap, on the ground that he is not as great as he used to be, and that, socially and morally, he is a blank. It is ludicrous to reflect upon the amount of attention given to his peccadillos and to wonder that he alone should be superior to the times. We accept the trashy novelist of now without harking back to the bygone glories of Dickens and Scott and Thackeray and Balzac and Victor Hugo; we view the daubs in the art-galleries without a retrospective thought of dead, fine names; when we read poetry we take it for granted with somewhat impudent confidence that there never can be another Shakespeare, another Byron, another Tennyson.

But in the case of the actor we are as hard as nails. We put him on a pinnacle, which he doesn't deserve, and then proceed to knock him off, which he also doesn't deserve. We refuse to regard him as just a hard-working citizen, making the best of a job that is rarely a sinecure, and we complain of his shortcomings when, as a matter of fact, they exist frequently because he is afraid of soaring "above our heads."

I hold no brief for the actor, but I also hold no brief for those whose lack of intellectual and artistic appreciation have made him what he is—a worker, just as a

plumber, a day-laborer, a bookkeeper, and an office-clerk are workers. Never has the actor had "steady employment," and unwavering salary, and constant opportunity as he has them to-day. The theater is no longer a luxury, but very nearly a necessity. People go to the playhouse nonchalantly, as they go to a social function or to a lobster-house. The mystery, the charm, the purple illusion, the pent-up excitement that used to hover around the theater are there no longer. We know how it's all done; often we are informed of the cost, and are clever enough at division and subdivision to reach an approximate figure. We are as gods knowing good and evil. There is no deception. We go to the theater for our money's worth, which sometimes we get and sometimes we don't. There are several dozen theaters to select from—a veritable embarrassment of riches. We are void of the exultant sentiment that used to characterize our invasion of the sunny realms of fancy.

With such moods of modern playgoers, what chance would great actors have? We love to ring in the name of Macready in our moments of abandoned complaint, but what sort of a "house" do you think he would draw to-day in New York city, with rival attractions like "The Girl Behind the Counter" and "Hip! Hip! Hooray!"? We wonder why we have no Sarah Siddons or Margaret Woffington or Anne Bracegirdle to electrify us, and give our gray matter a little exercise, but—can't you see the rows of empty benches those ladies would play to, "presented" by Charles Frohman, with such sublime art as that evinced by Miss Trixie Friganza or Miss Anna Held across the street?

Quite readily I admit that there are no great actors. Possibly the material is lack-

ing, but it would be manifestly absurd to make such a sweeping assertion. The public to-day does not clamor to support a great actor, while the average manager, illiterate, speculative, bumptious, and concerned wholly with the fluctuations of the box-office, would not know one if he saw one. It is indubitably true that Edwin Booth was a great actor, and as there are many modern playgoers who saw him (I was among the lucky ones) there is no harm in mentioning his name. But think of Booth "up against" the man with a chain of theaters, like the links of a fractious sausage, butting in at rehearsal with, "Say, old fellow, put a bit of ginger into them remarks about 'To be or not to be,' or to the woods for yours!"

In the hearts of very many actors is a secret yearning for great things. I make that statement knowingly. Perhaps these great things would turn out to be very little ones, but that is neither here nor there. The secret aspiration exists. Cherished and tenderly nurtured, it might lead to big results. It is illogical to think that "the good old times" had the monopoly of all the fine things, simply because they *were* "good old times."

The actor with great aspirations is laughed at. We hear of one condemned to induce guffaws in the musical show harboring a life-long desire to appear in Shakespeare, and we are convulsed with mirth. We read of one who has unfortunately made a hit in low-dialect humor, looking forward to the time when he can show us some new ideas that he has struggled with for years, in the impersonation of a Shylock or a Hamlet, and we are simply doubled up with the excruciating humor of the thing. Once a buffoon, always a buffoon. Once a low-comedy freak, always a low-comedy freak. This is the real sadness of the actor's life. He is chained forever to some poor Frankenstein of a "hit" that he has made. He may not progress. For him the law of evolution does not exist.

It is of course due largely to the conditions I have mentioned above—the extreme prevalence of the theater as the idlest of all pastimes, its degeneration as a "temple of art," and the apathy, the ruminant stodginess, and the ingrained materialism of modern theatergoers. Also to its excessive resemblance, with regard to its workings, to that ethereal and beautifully inspiring fetish known as Standard Oil.

The manager with an eye to business selects some actor who is a good-looker, who has some sort of a "personality," whose walk is peculiar, whose accent is unique, and whom, physically, you would not mistake for any other actor. This is made into a "star." When acting was an art it was the mission of the actor to be as unlike himself as he possibly could. He was "great" when you couldn't recognize in the character on the stage the man you had seen in an utterly dissimilar rôle the week before. It was his object to sink himself in his rôle. That gave him intellectual occupation; it required a certain amount of study and thought; it was an art; it was acting.

To-day the poor chap is made to believe that it is his own personality the public wants. With that end in view, tinker-playwrights study him, and write around him, being very careful not to disturb his little idiosyncrasies. They manufacture speeches that suit his peculiar intonation of voice; if he looks well in evening dress they are careful not to place him in the Rocky Mountains; if he can make love to a girl with polished suggestiveness he is doomed to a dose of that. He is not allowed to budge from the confines of his own poor, thin personality.

Actors of this type are numerous. The best known are William Faversham and James K. Hackett. If you have seen them in one of their plays you have seen them in all of them. It is not their fault. It is the fault of the manager and the fault of the public. Men like Faversham and Hackett probably laugh in their sleeves. I honestly believe that they would willingly be otherwise if they were permitted. They would assuredly like to act, instead of perpetually parading their much-advertised personalities and killing their chances as actors when their physical allurements have vanished.

But it is a quick age, and there is no time for greatness. The actor has to seek by crude advertisement the popularity that should come from years of struggle and effort. He interests us, and that is his undoing. See how we rush to protest against his immorality when—because he is an actor—it is flaunted in our faces. Note how we carefully discriminate between the good actor who takes care of his mother and the bad actor who has had four wives and wants a fifth. See us in our frenzy at the moral fall of an actor, because we hear

A Defense of the Actor

more of his sins against morality than we do of his sins against dramatic art. The actress who has allowed half a dozen plays to run away because she wasn't smart enough to hold on to them is execrated less than the actress who runs away from one husband who had nothing to do with the drama.

We worry the poor actor unnecessarily. He is illiterate. But why should he be otherwise when he is "up against" plays that render literacy impertinent? What man with one literary notion in his noddle could possibly put up with the inanity and stupidity of much that has been offered this very season, for instance? It is dinned into the actor's ears that anything "above the heads" of the public fizzes. The public, according to the managers, keeps its head well down in the mud and the ooze. The actor is often forced to regulate himself to this idea.

Socially he can talk of nothing but "shop." Poor chap, let him try to "discuss the classics," or air his views on the political situation. Foolish women pester him for inside details of his stage life. Silly girls beg him to tell them if he really cares about kissing the leading lady, whom he seems to fondle so rapturously. Journalists are at him to explain his attitude toward the stage. He is asked out to dinner, never as a respectable private citizen, but as a "representative of the drama." He is bidden to luncheons and teas and suppers only if he has made a success of a current play, and never if that play has happened to fizzle. To be sure, he talks "shop." Perhaps he loathes "shop," and would like a respite from it. I should think he would. Ordinary people, when they move about socially, are allowed to sink it. It is considered indelicate, and it is indelicate, insistently to harp upon such a theme as how one earns one's daily bread. But the actor, who earns it just as unpleasantly as does the average tradesman, must forever discourse on the one nauseating topic. After which we allege against him that he "talks shop."

He is morally lax. But if he is, what trouble you take to ferret it out. To what pains you are put to establish his moral laxity. Your butcher may be morally lax (and I see no reason why a slaughterer of animals shouldn't be), but you are not in the least interested. Your landlord may be morally lax, but so long as the house he

rents you is desirable, you are not particularly worried about it. But the actor—he whose only mission should be to furnish you with intellectual entertainment and the means of livening up your sick, gray lives—if he happens to be morally lax (as he sometimes does), oh, what a kettle of fish!

What does he matter, as a man? He is a puppet answering to the real and the imaginary requirements of the motley crowd known as the public. If the public showed the slightest inclination to patronize and recognize good acting, I believe that there would be good acting. Even the manager couldn't prevent it. He would be obliged to assent to it, and who knows but that his business instinct might eventually come to acknowledge it. More wonderful things have happened.

The average actor is hustling for a livelihood just as you are. His instinct of self-preservation discovers that certain hypocrisies and conventions must be tolerated for the sake of that livelihood. He is obliged to make the best of it. In his young days, he may have longed for great heights, but he is confronted with modern conditions. They are inexorable. He comes down with the usual sickening thud to stern realities. Instead of thundering the Shakesperian declamations of Othello, he is cast for a skittish bear in a musical comedy. Instead of the sylvan joys of the Forest of Arden, he has to lead on a troupe of show-girls in a scene representing Lobster Square.

There is a tragedy—a deep tragedy—in many an actor's life. It is the eternal tragedy of the misunderstood. As I said, I hold no brief for the actor, but justice is justice, and even the worm will turn. It is a miserable calling at best. I detest the letters I receive asking me to advise some poor misguided idiot "how to get on the stage," when I should like to tell so many who are there now how to get off. There are thousands of actors in this country, and there will be thousands more. The supply is greater than the demand, which is big enough, goodness knows. Those that succeed are hard workers, and fairly effective citizens. There is no poetic light around their mission. It is just severe, unrelenting, and sometimes thankless work. It is often an effort that in another direction would lead to more enduring fame and prosperity.

Let the poor chap alone. Don't nag at him.



Small Contributions

By Ambrose Bierce

MR. CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS has been refreshing his sense of humor by living in Scotland and attending the funerals of persons who did not succeed in doing that. A Scotch funeral is not exhilarating, but it is natural and has the air of spontaneity—and these are literary qualities.

A BOOK of stories from the Old Testament, by Harriet S. Blaine Beale, enables us to compare the styles of an ancient with a modern author.

THE NAME of Grover Cleveland, fisherman, gets no added luster from the dedication to him of Henry van Dyke's new book, "Days Off and Other Digressions." Mr. Cleveland was already tolerably well known to all except the fishes.

MR. HOLBROOK JACKSON has determined, once for all, Mr. George Bernard Shaw's exact place among vertebrates: he is "an expository realist." The discovery ought to fix Mr. Jackson's renown as a naturalist on a staying basis—a result that will doubtless be pleasing to *R. expositarius Jacksonii*.

DR. EMMET DENSMORE'S "Sex Equality" is said by the publisher to show that "the mental differences between men and women are not fundamental, nor the result of sex," but are caused by our familiar old friends, Heredity and Environment. These differences, it seems, are eventually to get themselves canceled out of the equation—which implies the disappearance of Heredity and Environment, or at least an abatement of their pernicious activity. Those who think it a long time to wait may find cheer in the hope of death, which makes men and women as like as peas.

OF BRITISH sports and amusements, which are about the same as ours, Dr. Flinders Petrie, the eminent Egyptologist, says in "Janus in Modern Life": "Even if we can care for the benefit of persons with such interests, certainly we are not likely to make any difference to them by talking on the subject. But as students of a diseased society we may take a deep interest in such forms of aberration, as a pathologist may in a case of cancer. And it is difficult to feel any particular wish to change habits which so obviously belong to a bad stock that is hardly worth improving. The best hope is that the unmitigated results of such mental disease may quickly have full effect on the type, and result in its extermination before a better class or better race."

Evidently Doctor Petrie is not a "fan," a "rooter," nor a "patriot." He is a Petrieot.

It is interesting to learn from high literary authority that Mrs. Edith Wharton's "The Fruit of the Tree" is distinguished by "English of a mathematical perfection, secure, exact, unerring." I should like to know what Mr. Percival Pollard thinks of *that*! Mr. Pollard holds, I believe, that Mrs. Wharton is incurably addicted to the saying of "things that one would wish to have been said otherwise."

THE CHICAGO LITTERATEUR whose review of a new book consisted wholly of an elaborate "character sketch" of the great Hebrew lawgiver and his rating as a prophet was perhaps troubled about his own rating as a critic when he observed, alas, too late, that the book's title was not "Moses" but "Mosses." But the botanist who wrote it is elate with pride.

THE NEW VOLUME of Kipling is called, I am told, his "Collected Verse," not "Poems." This permits inclusion of the "Barrack-room Ballads" and much else that the other title would bar. Mr. Kipling's rimes in Tommyatkinsese are unquestionably verses, but indubitably they are not poems.

UPON HIS roster of phonetes Prof. Brander Matthews blazons the names of Tennyson, Landor, Matthew Arnold, Shakespeare, Milton, Jonson, Burns, Lowell, Keats, Addison, Lamb, Corneille, La Fontaine, Voltaire, and Sainte-Beuve. All these practised, and some openly advocated, "simplified spellings" that were positively shocking to the guardians of the noble tongues of their times. As to Chaucer, there is reason to think that the Harry Thurston Pecks of his period regarded him with loathing as a "speeling refaurmer."

IT DETRACTS nothing from the excellence of Mr. Maxfield Parrish's colored illustrations of the "Arabian Nights" that the story of "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp" has no place in the book. It is one of the eleven tales that Galland interpolated from another source, and is of a much later date than the others.

WHAT is the thing called Genius? One has said

'Tis general ability directed
Into a special channel. One, instead,
Proffers a definition much respected
By toiling dullards: genius, he explains,
Is infinite capacity for taking pains.

Max Nordau, seeing he has not the thing,
Has solemnly decided, with Lombroso,
That genius is degeneracy. Ring
The curtain down—the show is only
so-so;

I'd rather see a dog-fight than sit out
This inconclusive definition-bout.

What, then, is genius? Faith! I'm only sure
That I am deep in doubt about the
matter;
But this I think: of two in literature
He is the greater genius who's the fatter.
'Twas in an age less prosperous that those
Were kings of thought who starved by verse
and prose.

Lo! the lean rhapsodist whose soul surveys,
Ecstatic, his unprofitable vision,
Interprets it in cleanly speech; arrays
His jeweled words with scholarly precision!

Sure he's a dunce or he would never lack
The means to wedge his belly from his back.

'Twere passing easy to allay his pang
Had he the genius—that's to say, the
insight

Commercial. If he would but sing in slang
He'd earn the wherewithal to make his
skin tight.

Genius (let's now define the word afresh)
Is the capacity to take on flesh.

Spirit of Letters, hail! Thy reign is Now;
Thy ministers are gentlemen that
waddle—

Children of light and leading who avow
They swap, for tallow, speech that's not
a model—

For laminated kidney-suet trade
Unsavory words. You must be stout,
George Ade.

READ FROM A BOOK, to any one you may choose, a passage of inconsiderable length; then hand him a pencil and ask him to reproduce what he has heard. Repeat the experiment as often as you will, and compare his best version with the original. This will enable you to estimate the credibility of those ear-witnesses who report in quotation marks the long discourses of others. A flagrant recent instance is a page-after-page autobiographical statement delivered orally by a Russian female revolutionist and reproduced from memory. I have in mind, too, an entire book—a fat one—by one Woodbury, of "Talks with Emerson"; that is to say, Emerson's philosophy executed by ear, without notes. This kind of literary imposture is much in evidence now—a fashion of our time. It is a little more supportable than a plague of locusts, but a little less so than a plague of frogs.

AS A DARING and imaginative "nature faker" one Charles Darwin was supremely objectionable. His out-of-doors book, "The Descent of Man," is packed with stories of the intelligence of animals which if related in the White House would affect that temple of truth with a peculiar sadness.

